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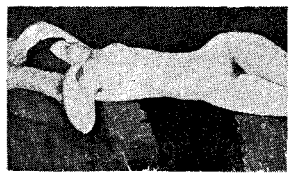

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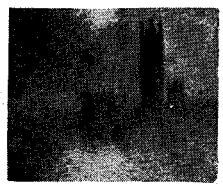

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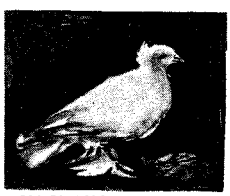

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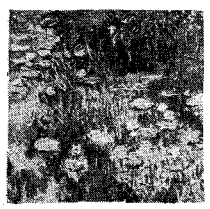

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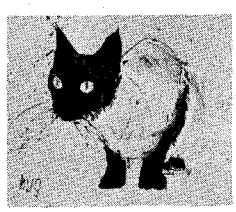

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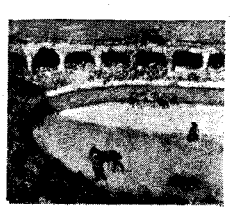

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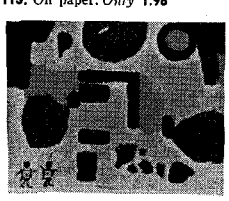

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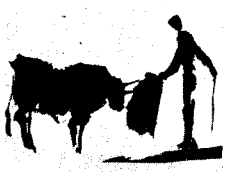

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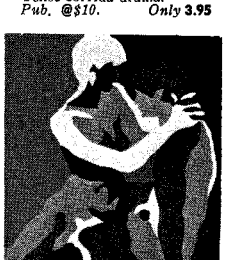

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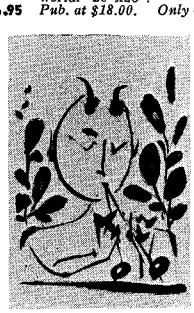

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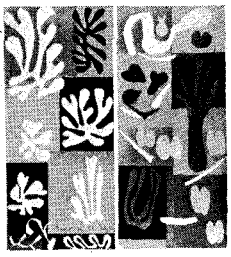

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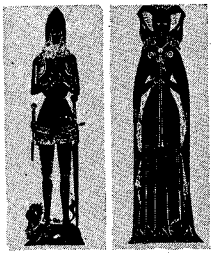

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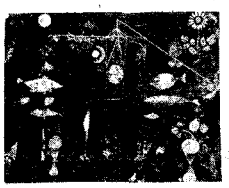

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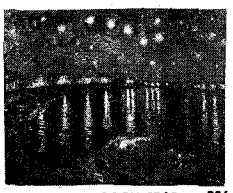

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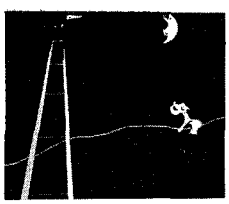

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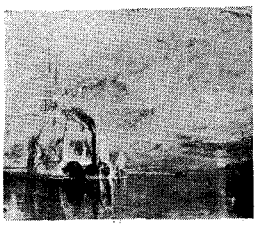

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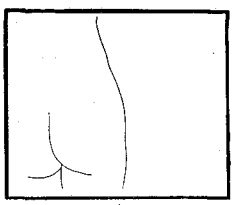

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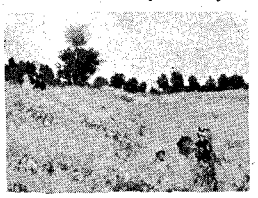

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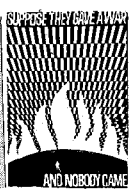

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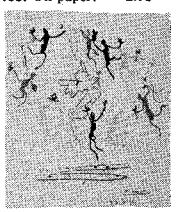

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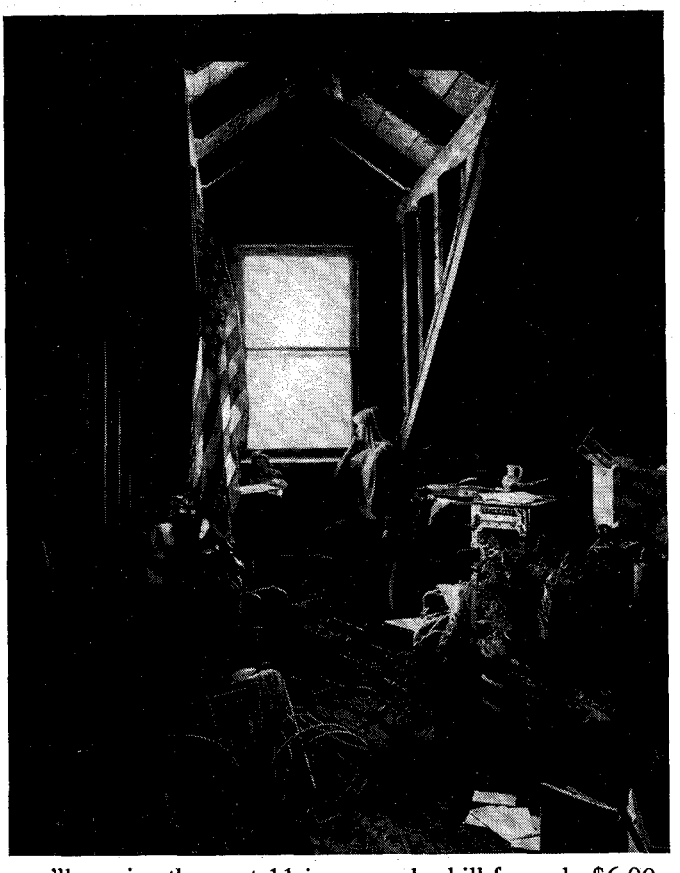

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from Washington

Economic Hurricane?

A tropical storm named "Recession" is forming over the low-pressure inflation area of the United States and may assume dangerous proportions. It is heading for the mainland with price increases ranging from about six to seven percent a year. So far all efforts of the Budget Bureau, the Federal Reserve Board and the Council of Economic Advisers to seed its eye with silver iodide have been fruitless. It may be a hurricane and it may be a killer.

We are in the ninth year of the longest uninterrupted economic growth in history, and the irony is that the Administration is now staying awake nights trying to slow it down. What is happening seems a long way from national politics, but it isn't. It threatens the Nixon Administration. Republicans have always been vulnerable to economic hurricanes since the Hoover depression. A Harris poll the other day in *Life* showed the man-in-the-street apparently seething over high prices, and voting 61 to 25 percent that Mr. Nixon has done a "bad" job in controlling them. But the alternative is just as tough politically for Mr. Nixon. The longer inflation lasts, the more chance there is of a crash landing. Administration experts are trying to bring us all down safely; the unhappy Council of Economic Advisers wants us to have a soft landing. But they can't seem to get the parachute open. A wild surmise is developing; the old tried and true procedures don't work or work very slowly. The economists seem as confused as the public. And the summit that we've reached already is so high that an easy descent seems increasingly uncertain and a recession more likely.

The stock market seems to be signaling something. As we write this the market has risen from its low – and may go higher. But in mid-May the Dow-Jones industrial index was pushing 1,000 and since then has hit an airpocket and come down more than 150 points which means a paper loss of maybe $125 billion. That's quite a vote of no confidence.

If the inflation turns into a recession that means loss of jobs. The big nine-year boom has aided the poor enormously in jobs, even though it has now turned into inflation. It's meant a lot more to the poor than all the federal poverty programs. Last December unemployment was down to 3.3 percent, the lowest rate since 1953. The result? Literally millions of low-income people have clawed their way up from what the government technically calls "poor"; they were willing to work and the boom gave them jobs. (Two million got off the "poor" list just last year.) These people won't go mildly back to being poor again if jobs cease and they will have something to say if the business slowdown comes just before the midterm election in 1970 as seems likely. If it does, woe to the Republicans.

A lot of farseeing Washington political writers are guessing about Presidential prospects of 1972. To us this seems a nice game if you want to play it; but anything can happen in three years – why, Wendell Willkie wasn't discovered till a year before he was nominated in 1940. We don't know who the Democratic standard-bearer in 1972 will be and we don't think anybody else does; it might be some unfamiliar Willkie. The only thing we feel certain about (and we are as sure of this as anything in political life) it won't be Edward Kennedy. Maybe later; maybe some time far in the future (though we doubt it) but the party won't give him the nod in 1972 and he wouldn't accept it if it did. But we can speculate a bit about 1970 in terms of what we already see.

The fact is unemployment has begun to rise, from 3.3 to 3.6 percent, which means a quarter million jobs gone (around 830,000 out-of-work for each one percent increase.) You can bet the anxious Nixon Administration has got its eyes glued on that inconspicuous little figure. The prestigious National Industrial Conference Board suggests that the number will reach 4.5 percent next year. That would be a "soft" landing, economists say. Can Mr. Nixon halt it there? It is doubtful, we think.

There are a lot of queer things going on. One of them is Mr. Nixon's doctrinaire reluctance about making a protest when a corporation boosts prices excessively, or a union counters with a similar wage demand. Normally the White House takes an interest in such matters.

Jack Kennedy hit the ceiling in April 1962 when US Steel suddenly jumped prices $6 a ton across the board; his tough response was the biggest news for two days and Big Steel rescinded the boost.

Well, this July 30, US Steel hiked its prices 4.8 percent in the midst of towering inflation and there was not a peep from the White House. The Administration believes it is wrong to interfere. Steel goes into automobiles (and about everything else) and now Ford has announced an ominous 5 percent increase in truck prices, and the prospect is that the old inflation cycle will take a new spin all down the line.

The ground employees of Pan American World Airways just grabbed a three-year, 37.4 percent wage increase. No comment from the White House. Building-trade wages are zooming up. All the other Presidents we can think of, even Ike, tried moral suasion or jawboning. Mr. Nixon's silence seems a tacit signal to corporations and unions, "the lid is off."

Another queer thing in the situation is the real confusion among economists. This inflation isn't playing fair; it's not behaving according to the textbooks. Consumer prices are rising 50 percent faster this year than last, and last year's rate was 50 percent higher than the year before. The annual rate was 7.2 percent in June.

The orthodox way to halt inflation is to raise taxes, tighten money supplies and cut federal spending. All these things have been done. They haven't worked. Prices are still going up. Some hopeful economists think that finally the brakes are taking hold, however.

Now comes Milton Friedman leading a determined new school of economists (derisively called "moneybugs" by MIT's Paul Samuelson) who say the whole thing depends on money supply, and that it's all the fault of the "Fed" (Federal Reserve System). They may be right, too. If you can't understand it, take heart; the experts can't either.

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Nixon's Affluence

It must have been quite a scene, the Camp David cabinet meeting at which President Nixon informed the Neanderthal men that he had accepted and would assert creeping socialism, the principle of the federal government guaranteeing a minimal income to all disadvantaged Americans. Mr. Nixon's political instinct is sound, of course. People now want to see their tax money spent in the country rather than abroad, and are not averse to spending on welfare if it is wise and humane. The poor people of Appalachia, Mississippi, Alabama and the inner cities, North or South, require and deserve a helping hand. Black and white, all are Americans. The cost of their salvation may work out to less than trying to salvage some foreign regimes the country has got entangled with. So far, so good: the President has started something that cannot be stopped, regardless of how his particular programs fare in Congress. Questions have been raised, and more will be, ranging from the finances of Northern cities with big welfare spending, to exactly what kind of work is contemplated that will enable welfare mothers to earn more than their dole. The state employment services on which Mr. Nixon professes to be going to rely for both jobs and job training should clear themselves of damaging charges of racial discrimination before being entrusted with federal money. There has been needless confusion over food stamps, and it seems obvious that these must continue in the seventies, over and above the basic $1,600 that Mr. Nixon is proposing as the minimum annual federal payment to families in poverty. There will be time to iron out the bugs, for it's unlikely that the new plans can take hold much before calendar 1972. Yet the timing may have to be speeded up, for instance if the Administration's grapples with inflation should raise unemployment figures faster than they manage to lower the price level. Fortunately for the Administration, there seems, for the moment, to be a bigger chance of new trouble erupting at Harvard and Berkeley and in some secondary schools, than in the ghettoes. But the inner cities will continue to be unpredictable breeding grounds of physical violence, until their whole aspect has been altered out of recognition by the kind of reforms Mr. Nixon's "new federalism" has now begun to contemplate. Of course, if the new welfare schemes were to stop too long in the talking stage, the ensuing ructions might be greater than if the President had not adumbrated reforms at all.

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When taken at their own modest face value, the Administration's proposals are only a bare beginning. Mr. Nixon himself pointed this out in his August 11 message to Congress: "A new federal minimum of $1,600 a year cannot claim to provide comfort to a family of four . . ." The President also explained that his plan to revamp the welfare system is to cost the federal government about $4 billion more, during the first year of operation, than it spends now. It should be acknowledged right away that this is almost certainly a large underestimate. Federal expenditures explicitly for welfare programs amounted in fiscal 1969 to about $3.3 billion for Aid to Families with Dependent Children, and to $2.5 billion for other welfare programs. But this spending, according to Mr. Nixon in his explanation to Congress, helps to provide a family of four with only $468 a year, which as he truly said cannot claim to cover even basic necessities. If the federal contribution is now to provide such a family with even $1,600, instead of $468, it would seem to follow that federal spending will have to increase by more than just another $4 billion, even in the first year.

The Administration is determined not only to balance the budget but to produce a surplus; Mr. Nixon is expressing equal determination to improve welfare. That seems like head-on contradiction. Yet the question is not whether the affluent American society can afford the extra cost of improving welfare, whatever that cost turns out actually to be. For the truth is that this country can, within extremely broad limits, afford anything it chooses, especially if the money is spent at home rather than abroad. The real issue is how serious the Administration, Congress and the comfortable (and large) middle classes are about licking poverty. "Americans," Professor James Tobin wrote skeptically in this journal over two years ago, "can make a national commitment to conquer space by 1970 but evidently not to conquer poverty by 1976." Now it is just conceivable that Professor Tobin may, to his own delight, be proved wrong. Americans have already landed on the moon, and President Nixon appears willing to make at least a sizable dent in poverty before he concludes a second term. However, the welfare revisions as outlined are insufficient to fulfill Professor Tobin's twofold proposal "to give adequate aid to everyone in need, and to give it in ways that provide incentives for work and self-reliance." Today's poverty line, for a nonfarm family of four, is an annual income of $3,553; and one nonfarm family in ten falls below it. This is not to say that, in America, despite enormous economic growth, poverty is steadily engulfing more people. On the contrary, since 1964 about 12 million Americans may have moved up out of poverty. Still, the dynamics of an affluent society are cruel unless side effects are mitigated by government action, as assuredly ought to be done. Mr. Nixon has grasped that millions of Americans require income subsidies. Some have jobs, but fully a third of the people in poverty are too old to work, whilst others are young children and mothers of young children. To make life tolerable for them at current prices is going to cost a lot; Professor Tobin has suggested $20 to $30 billion, as the price tag of an adequate welfare plan that includes reasonable incentives for those who can work to earn more money than the state provides. Where are such sums to come from, when Mr. Nixon has ordered a $3.5 billion cut in the budget and his budget director has proposed a "very restrictive policy" for fiscal 1971? The proper answer is that this country cannot *not* afford the Tobin plan or some variant of it. Whatever else may be sacrificed, the money needed to tackle the grave social problems of an increasingly complex society must be found. And in fact there need be no great difficulty. A $30-billion anti-poverty program would consume about 23 weeks of recent GNP growth, or around the cost of one year's fighting in Vietnam. What President Nixon has to do, in order to fight poverty effectively at the same time he is hopefully beating inflation, is to reorder the national priorities, away from Vietnam, more arms and manned trips to Mars, toward income subsidies, job training, more and better schools and hospitals, improved housing and cleaner cities. Or, in Mr. Nixon's own words, "We must become pioneers in reshaping our society." It really is that simple – unless the Neanderthals manage after all to convince a country which is headed for a two trillion dollar national product in 1980 that that kind of affluence is quite compatible with filth, slums, hunger and broken homes.

Nixon's Court

In appointing Judge Clement F. Haynsworth of South Carolina to the Supreme Court seat vacated last May by Abe Fortas, President Nixon has again implemented his program of slowing down the Court. Nobody arrives on the Court – any more than men achieve the Presidency – with a track record, a body of experience on which predictions of future behavior can be soundly based. Yet temperament and intellectual inclinations and attitudes are in some measure revealed by prior judicial or other careers. Both Mr. Nixon's new Chief Justice, Warren Burger, and Judge Haynsworth are quite apparently cautious men, conservatives whose impulse, if any – in a phrase of Holmes – to wreak themselves upon the universe is well under control.

Judge Haynsworth is no segregationist (there are some on the Southern federal bench who provide a standard of comparison), any more than Chief Justice Burger brings the spirit of George Wallace to the law

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and order issue. But on the other hand, Judge Haynsworth has hardly left his mark on the law of race relations in his dozen years as a judge. In two of the most important recent cases in which the Warren Court moved the law of school desegregation forward, it did so by reversing decisions written by Judge Haynsworth. And again, a standard of comparison is available among Judge Haynsworth's colleagues on the Southern federal bench, for the Supreme Court adopted doctrines suggested by such judges as Wisdom of the Fifth Circuit and Sobeloff of Judge Haynsworth's own Fourth Circuit.

There are indications that the nomination of Judge Haynsworth will not be allowed to pass the Senate as perfunctorily as that of Chief Justice Burger, although Southern, Western and Republican votes will no doubt see it through. It is all to the good that the nominee's record should be closely examined in committee and on the Senate floor, and that notice should be given to Mr. Nixon that while he has the power to remake the Court, he is not in a position, with a Democratic Senate, to do so without a contest, or to move the Court too far to the right. He should be put on notice also that the continual appointment of great, gray unknowns will, as *The New York Times* has said, be a disappointment to the country. Some replenishment of the reservoir of intellectual distinction on the Court is also expected.

General Abrams Strikes Back

Green Berets And the CIA

by L. Fletcher Prouty

Colonel Robert B. Rheault, the former commander of the Special Forces in South Vietnam, seems destined to be the Army's equivalent of Commander Bucher of the ill-fated Navy ship *Pueblo*. Commander Bucher and his men were captured by the North Koreans, held prisoners and maltreated, then released only to be subjected to a court of inquiry and almost court-martialed. Colonel Rheault along with six of his Special Forces officers and a sergeant were summarily arrested by their own side, and threatened with court-martial charges of murder and conspiracy to commit murder, arising from the alleged killing of a Vietnamese said to have been playing the doubly deceitful role of secret agent for both the Americans and the North Vietnamese. But, whatever the exact details turn out to have been in the Green Berets affair, Colonel Rheault and Commander Bucher and their men evidently were all victims of espionage snafus involving a special relationship between their military services and the Central Intelligence Agency. CIA involvement in such snafus can be traced in a direct line, from the current Green Berets case and the earlier *Pueblo* affair, through this country's roles in Laos and in Thailand, to at least as far back as the Bay of Pigs in 1961. And the United States Air Force had its historic misadventure with the CIA in the 1960 incident of the U-2 spy plane flown by Gary Powers, which the Russians shot down over the Soviet Union, to President Eisenhower's chagrin.

The Army commander-in-chief in South Vietnam, General Creighton W. Abrams, appears to have decided to declare war on the Special Forces (Green Berets)-CIA relationship. That would certainly account for the astounding rounding up of Colonel Rheault and the others. General Abrams's predecessors in Saigon, including General Maxwell Taylor, General Harkins and "Iron Mike" O'Daniel, leaned over backward to accommodate American Intelligence. The arrest of the Green Berets commander indicates however that General Abrams feels differently than they did. He may have felt that he had inherited an untenable situation in the never-never land of top security, and have decided not to live with it. He apparently did not consult Washington in advance of the Green Beret arrests, although Colonel Rheault is a close friend of the Army Chief of Staff, and former Saigon commander, General William Westmoreland.

It is in fact no secret that the Green Berets have long been the uniformed mercenaries of the CIA. In the fifties, they existed rather precariously only on US military planning staffs around the world. But then the CIA, which was precluded from having operational forces of its own, realized that it could best achieve its aims by "adopting"the Special Forces. By doing so, the agency managed to acquire operational capacity even beyond its most ambitious dreams. The CIA achieved military embodiment in the US Special Forces establishment at Fort Bragg (now called the "John F. Kennedy Center for Military Assistance"). The CIA's men, like the Army's Special Forces troops there, were trained along lines laid down by such experts as Edward G. Lansdale and Samuel Wilson. There were also trainees from other countries. The foreign trainees ostensibly represented the uniformed services of their countries, but actually they were handpicked by their nations' intelligence organizations, and then had to be approved by the CIA. Under the guise of a military aid program these men attended the Special Forces School at Fort Bragg. A distinguished visitor to Fort Bragg's first class with the new Special Forces curriculum was the then Deputy Secretary of Defense, James H. Douglas: a coup for for the CIA. Subsequently, Special Forces graduates served in the Bay of Pigs operation, also in Laos. The Green Berets had a powerful friend

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at court in those days, General Maxwell Taylor, special assistant to President Kennedy. They also had the benefit of the field experience (in Greece) of Henry Cabot Lodge, former US ambassador to Athens. He and his team of CIA experts, who included John Richardson, Desmond Fitzgerald and Bill Colby, laid the groundwork for the buildup of the Green Berets in Southeast Asia, with Laos as the first field of operations. When the situation in Laos deteriorated to the point where the CIA's favorite, Kong Le, rebelled, the Special Forces switched on CIA instructions to South Vietnam, and also to Thailand. Abandoning Laos meant abandoning nearly 100,000 Meo tribesmen, but this it was felt at the time could not be helped: *"c'est la guerre."*

The years, 1961-1963 saw a rapid buildup of Special Forces troops in South Vietnam. The CIA was entrenched and much more dominant inside the Ngo Dinh Diem government than either the State Department or the Defense Department; and the US Army Special Forces actually fell under the operational direction of the CIA from 1961 right through 1963, when Diem (and President Kennedy) were assassinated. Senior Special Forces officers, such men as General Bill Rosson, General Bill DuPew, General Stillwell, and Air Force Generals Dick Rowland and Ed Lansdale, all were either serving the CIA or wholeheartedly supported its activities. Following President Diem's death, the CIA succeeded in retaining much of its influence in South Vietnam by befriending General Ky, who became for a time the head of government in Saigon.

The CIA-Special Forces role was somewhat diluted following the Tonkin Gulf incidents and the ensuing rapid buildup of regular US Army strength in Vietnam. Nevertheless, the CIA and the Green Berets remained, and remain, powerful in Saigon as well as in Washington. Although the American military commander in South Vietnam ought to be the dominant figure during a war there, it is in fact the American ambassador who has for years been the all-important arbiter or umpire between the regular military, and the CIA and its Special Forces. Henceforth things may be different. The sensational arrest of Colonel Rheault and some of his men seems bound to change things. General Abrams appears to have decided to slash abruptly through the tangled web of bureaucratic and Intelligence intrigue. If so, it can only be because he felt that the Special Forces, owing their real allegiance not to the Army but to the Central Intelligence Agency, had become a kind of cancer that was eating away the core of the regular military forces under his command. How many Army units in South Vietnam have fallen under the secret command of the CIA rather than of their rightful military chiefs? How many CIA operations are being carried out ostensibly as Army operations, but with the Army virtually powerless to influence them? That story may never be known. But the Green Berets affair strongly suggests that a great deal of raw smoke was choking Army throats and that General Abrams decided, single-handed or in consort with other Army officers, to try to stamp out the fire. The sequel – for there is sure to be one – will indicate whether they have succeeded or failed.

L. FLETCHER PROUTY, *Massachusetts-born banker and a retired US Air Force officer, spent many years in the Far East and in the Pentagon, where he served with the Office of the Secretary of Defense under Thomas Gates and Robert McNamara as well as with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.*

How to Beat Crime

by Alexander M. Bickel

Mr. Nixon promised to fight crime, and Attorney General Mitchell is doing it. He is doing it, that is, on the assumption that harsh new laws will cut into the crime rate. That assumption is very questionable. The President and Mr. Mitchell will have their fight—in Congress, and even if they succeed there, then for years afterwards in the courts, since some of their proposals raise intricate and close constitutional questions. When the fight is over, the jails which the Administration is doing nothing in particular to reform and improve may be more crowded, some constitutional rights to which the innocent as well as the guilty had previously thought themselves entitled may be a bit bruised and battered, and the crime rate is likely to be about where it is now—on the rise.

The crime rate that matters most, because it puts large numbers of our people in daily fear, is the rate of street and home crime—muggings, robberies and the like. Mr. Mitchell has made two major proposals to deal with it. One is a drug-control act, which has national application, and which is relevant because drug addiction under present conditions results in an insatiable need for money, and hence leads to crime. The other, effective only in the District of Columbia, authorizes preventive detention before trial of persons accused of crime in certain circumstances.

The drug bill is in large part a codification of present federal law, which punishes criminally the distribution or use of drugs for other than medicinal purposes. Nothing is plainer than that this method of dealing with drug addiction has not worked. This is not to say that the problem might not be even worse than it is if the criminal law failed altogether to condemn the use of harmful drugs. But it is clear that condemnation and jail alone have not worked. The theory of the Admin-

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istration's new bill is that more condemnation and more jail *will* work.

The bill outlaws marijuana, and of course LSD, among other substances, and it authorizes the Attorney General, after opportunity for comment from the public, and upon scientific advice, to outlaw yet other drugs, as well as to exempt some now listed. Penalties are increased, and they are rough, both for distributors and users, with minimum sentences of many years in jail, and with suspended sentences or probation prohibited, except in the case of users who are first offenders. A user is someone who uses, period. A user of marijuana, for example, who gives a cigarette to a friend, or possibly a puff, is also a distributor, and he is subject for a first offense to a minimum sentence of five years, which may not be suspended, and from the service of which he may not be released on probation. And anyone over 18 who hands that cigarette to a teenager under 18 "who is at least three years his junior" gets a minimum of 10 years in jail without probation or suspension of sentence.

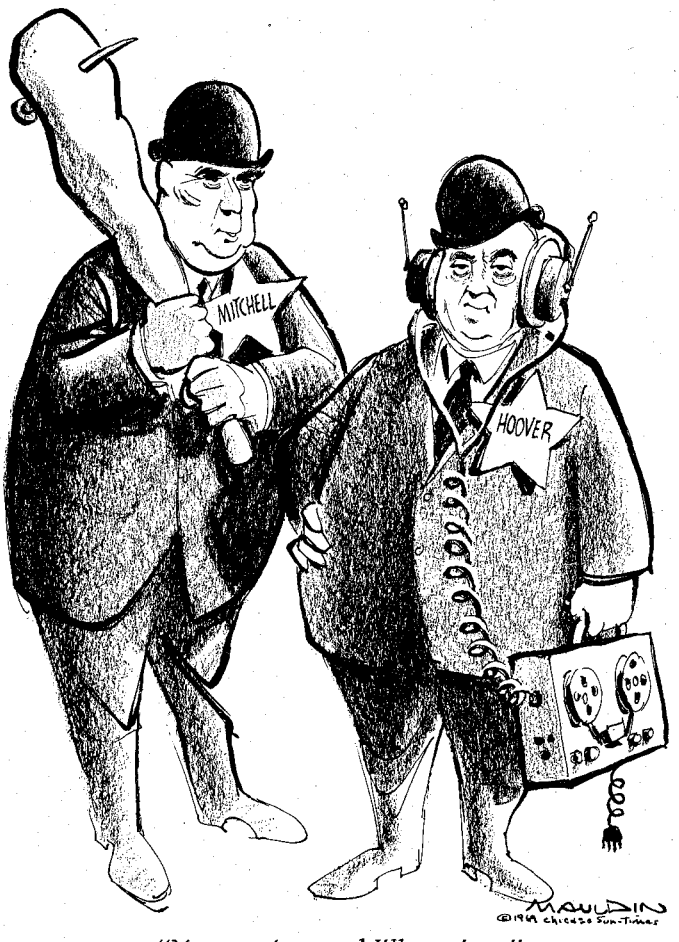
No doubt drug pushing is very dirty business and should be stamped out. But Draconian provisions will not stamp out the professional drug pusher, who takes very high risks for very high profits, and who will continue to do so, possibly increasing his prices as his risks rise, thus producing more street crime committed by his customers who have to meet higher costs. The pusher will be stamped out when there are no addicts, or at least when addicts who cannot be cured are given some sort of legal access to the drug they need, so that they have to resort neither to the pusher nor to crime. Pushers also seek to make addicts, to create a market, and they certainly ought to be punished. But the point is that increasing their punishment is no substitute for trying to deal with the problem of addiction and attendant crime, and may be counter-productive.

The drug bill, moreover, treats the habits of what must by now be many thousands of people in the same way as the act of drug pushing. We may feel uneasy about marijuana smoking, and suspect that it is about as bad as cigarette smoking, or even worse, but it is widespread among people who on evidence no worse than is available to Attorney General Mitchell think it harmless, and who exhibit no other criminal tendencies. To punish the act of passing a marijuana cigarette with a mandatory minimum of five years in jail is outlandish as well as brutal. Such a law (compare the Volstead Act) can only be widely unenforced. This is the administration, not of justice, but of injustice.

The other major anti-crime measure, applicable only in the District of Columbia, where alone the federal government has general criminal jurisdiction, is a preventive detention bill. At present, a person charged with any but a capital crime is entitled to be released pending trial, with or without bail, unless a judge has good reason to believe that he will flee and be unavailable for trial. Since lengthy delays before trial are common, the habitual criminal is thus given an opportunity – or at least not deprived of the opportunity – to commit further crimes. There are no very good figures to show how many persons commit crimes while at liberty awaiting trial for an earlier alleged crime, and all indications are that the number is relatively small; but some undoubtedly do, and the Administration's idea is to see that that they don't, by holding on to certain categories of them. It is an idea that has also independently attracted Senator Joseph D. Tydings, the Maryland liberal Democrat. The District of Columbia is a small part of the country, even though it has its good share of crime, but if Congress passes such a statute, many states will likely follow suit.

The presumption that an accused is innocent until proven guilty may be established more in popular mythology than in our actual system of administering criminal justice, but it does essentially inform the provisions of the Constitution concerning criminal procedure; and the Eighth Amendment does say that "excessive bail shall not be required," which would suggest an expectation that bail will generally be allowed. So preventive detention of persons accused of cime is constitutionally dubious.

Yet the question in general of whether bail must be granted is an open one. Bail is traditionally denied to persons charged with capital offenses, of which there



"You tap 'em and I'll zap 'em."

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used to be a great many more than there are now. The explanation may be that no man facing the death penalty can possibly give credible assurance, it is thought, that he will stick around to face it. But the explanation may also have to do with assumptions about such a person's likely behavior while at liberty. As for the presumption of innocence, we commit the dangerously insane because we don't trust their future behavior. To be sure, this sort of preventive detention is civil in nature, not criminal, but how much is in a name? Again, bail in many courts throughout the country is in fact set high when judges and prosecutors think they have on their hands a dangerous criminal who should not be allowed to run around loose. We might as well be honest and above-board about it with a preventive detention statute, and at the same time institute more regular, open and controlled procedures than prevail when a judge follows his intuition and sets high bail. Formal hearing procedures are provided in the preventive-detention bill.

But the constitutionality of the bill is going to be tested in its application in case after case, rather than in general on its face. If it is to pass muster, the Supreme Court must be convinced that a judge who, after a hearing, imposes preventive detention on a person accused of crime has not done so merely on a hunch that he has an ugly customer before him, very likely guilty and dangerous; or merely on the basis of statistics which may prove a great deal about people in the aggregate without in the least predicting an individual's actual behavior. The Court must be convinced the judge has decided on the basis of specific facts relating to the accused, which support a rational judgment, not a guess, that if let out he will commit more crime. And there's the rub. We may be able to tell something about the dangerously insane, although less than we need. But how do we distinguish between one and another mugger or robber, so as to be able to predict rationally before trial, not only guilt with respect to the offense now charged, but proclivity to commit a further offense during a period of liberty before trial? We cannot. Hunch is bound to reign, and to enthrone King Hunch is too great a danger to the innocent; it is wrong, and hence constitutionally also more than dubious. Is it wise to go to such lengths in order to get off the street some potential criminals who, by all indications, are so few in number that the crime rate will hardly know it has been fought?"

There *is* a narcotic problem, and there *is* a crime problem. They are connected with each other and with material and psychological conditions in city ghettos. The drug problem does not call for harsher criminal penalties, but for new approaches – difficult and no doubt imperfect – to the treatment of addicts, and for careful legalization of access by addicts to the drugs they need, and will otherwise steal and kill for. Persons who are accused of crime and out on bail will commit fewer crimes in the interval before trial if that interval is shortened, so that it is a matter of days and weeks rather than months and years. That requires more prosecutors and more judges, a more efficient court system. The Administration has introduced a bill to reorganize the District of Columbia court system, which in its broad outlines is a step in the right direction. Grants-in-aid might enable the states to unclog some of their own courts also.

For the rest, until we successfully attack underlying conditions, the crime problem calls for more, better and more professional police work. Our police are ill-paid, ill-trained, ill-equipped and often ill-chosen. The federal government has undertaken to do a little bit, chiefly about training and equipment, in the Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1968, and the Administration's request for $297 million in the House Appropriations Committee. There must be much more, more programs and more money. That would be the beginning of a real fight, if not against the causes of crime, at least against its high incidence.

Challenge to Mayor Stokes

"They Ought to Have Utopia by Now"

Cleveland

Over the past 30 years, Cleveland's mayoral elections have assumed a continuity close to ritual: every two years an incumbent Democrat has placed his name on the ballot and on the appointed day the Democratic electorate has pronounced its amens. But in 1967 the incumbent disappeared in the primary and the electorate had to choose between a black Democrat and a white, Wasp-Republican. Confused, many stayed home and Carl Stokes, by 1,679 votes, defeated Seth Taft and became a national phenomenon and left-liberal hero. Though it seems that the ensuing elation subsided but a few months ago, Stokes is faced with a challenge in the September 30 primary from Robert Kelly, the city's former service director. Most Cleveland pols predict an easy primary victory for Stokes, whose November opponent would be Republican Ralph Perk, the popular Cuyahoga County auditor. Cleveland is not yet into a full-blown Procaccino scare but there are indications that this city, like Los Angeles, Minneapolis and New York, is rummaging for a security blanket.

The consensus of 19 people interviewed in the final installment of a newspaper series on Cleveland crime was that the average citizen, black or white, is in great

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danger of being robbed, beaten or shot. "We need police protection," says Robert Kelly. "Mayor Stokes has shackled the police, destroyed their energy and frustrated their morale." "This city has become a jungle," he says, and if elected Kelly's first official act will be to call out the Ohio National Guard to quash Cleveland's day-to-day crime. Ralph Perk calls downtown Cleveland a "no-man's-land." "[The] streets are so unsafe that people are even afraid when they come out in the daytime. . . . I am going to spend endless hours on the job to make the streets safe again." Actually, Clevelanders feel less threatened than deserted – within the past two years only five men have been added to the police force. The gripe is you can't find a cop when you need him. "I don't know what you can do to get the police," a councilman tells a cop-forsaken constituent. "When you find out, you tell me." What everyone does know about, however, is the "Civil Service scandal." Early in his term, Stokes appointed two men to the Civil Service Commission and gave them a lot of money to beef up the police force. The city recruited 1,200 prospective policemen and gave a qualifying test last October. As occasionally happens during exams, there was cheating. The grand jury impounded the recruit lists, indicted Stokes' two appointees and ten months later Cleveland has no new cops. Police on the streets promises to be the election's biggest issue.

While Kelly and Perk feed the crime mill, Stokes can rightfully claim that he revived a dying city. The federal government virtually gave up on Cleveland in 1967, cancelling a $12-million Model Cities commitment; urban renewal projects stood abandoned, half-finished. Within a year Stokes tapped Washington for over $90 million in renewed federal support. A frustrated business community which could attract neither executive talent nor paying customers to the city, contributed $10 million to Cleveland: Now!, a self-help fund with which Stokes hoped to refashion the city's tired image. Its pockets full, the new administration set about correcting, in a current City Hall phrase, "25 years of neglect." The Greater Cleveland Growth Corporation, once a lukewarm effort by the state, county and city to help minority businesses, got $500,000 in Cleveland: Now! money, giving them the capital guarantee which produced $750,000 in SBA-supported loans. Twelve Cleveland banks unlocked their vaults and committed close to $3 million for similar loans. In the 30 years preceding Stokes, the city built some 7,000 public housing units; nearly half that number have been constructed in the past 20 months. Stokes created a Department of Human Resources to train the hard-core unemployed for jobs in private industry; to date the department has trained over 3,000 people. Critics fault the program because it is unclear how many trainees stay on the job. It is the first time, however, that the city has given special consideration to its unemployed. Private and public funds established 18 day-care centers throughout the city; Stokes' young utilities director, Ben Stefanski, campaigned successfully for a $100-million bond issue to clean up the city's sewers and to build an effective sewage treatment plant.

Clarence James, the Legal Aid lawyer whom Stokes named law director, shook up the law department and recruited bright young lawyers who saw action in a Stokes City Hall. The department cracked down on housing-code violators by arresting and rearresting landlords until they complied. James initiated a sweep of the city's meat distributors, arrested those selling contaminated meat and won convictions in every case. Cleveland's jails would fill up on weekends so James assigned men to the police stations to decide who was to be jailed, released on bond or set free.

Though Stokes' 21-month record is fairly impressive, both Kelly and Perk plan to take advantage of the impression, common among predominantly white West and South Siders, that all the cash Stokes digs up is simply thrown in front of a large fan and blown, indiscriminately, eastward. "A lot of programs have been geared to the East Side," says councilman Mike Zone. "They ought to have a utopia out there by now, but they still have high crime statistics." "They," however, appreciate a mayor who treats them better than Stokes' predecessors (former mayor Ralph Locher wouldn't see "troublemaker" Martin Luther King). Today, black leaders of all persuasions routinely drop by the mayor's office to talk things over. Cleveland's black nationalist groups like Stokes because he does not play Tom to the powers around him. Though the nationalists live uneasily with the city's lawmen, they are not anxious for confrontation and have resisted alliances with the Panthers and local white radicals – power resides in City Hall. "I talked recently with one of the nationalists who says down with the system," said councilman George Forbes, Stokes' young liaison to the militants. "He said it would be a shame if Stokes were defeated, because for the first time the system was working for everyone." But the system often seems a small sheet on a large bed and Cleveland's whites are tugging. They want to see progress on *their* streets – a cop on the beat, good garbage collection, quick snow removal and maybe a neighborhood swimming pool.

In response, Kelly and Perk would steer clear of Stokes' urban innovation in favor of more traditional city administration. Kelly, the former service director, doesn't think the mayor should be dabbling in housing, jobs and day-care centers; rather (logically enough), the city should provide better services "the first of which is protection." Few consider Kelly a legitimate candidate and Stokes' aides and supporters are looking ahead to the showdown with Perk, feeling that the mayor's black support will carry him in the primary. Ironically, Stokes' rapport with the blacks, who gave him 95 percent of their vote two years ago, may

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blunt their effectiveness. According to George Forbes, "motivation is not as high as it was in '67. The feeling is that our man is in and won't have any trouble getting reelected." Forbes is confident that the campaign will draw them out, but that may be too late. Since the last election, about 3,000 Negroes have moved from Hough and Glenville into the neighboring suburb of East Cleveland. Stokes' office is running an intensive campaign to register the young blacks who couldn't vote two years ago, but strongly supported Stokes. The registration deadline was August 28, a full month before the primary. Should Kelly effectively exploit the police issue and convince voters they've been bilked, the primary could be close. It is more likely, however, that Stokes will face the county auditor November 4.

Perk will work for those whites who couldn't bestir themselves for the unfamiliar Republican, Seth Taft. He is a popular vote-getter among the ethnic pockets which preponderate in Cleveland and in a hot campaign the disaffection of the "neighborhoods" could easily translate into votes for Ralph Perk. Writing in a local newspaper, Perk mused on the duties of Cleveland's mayor. Besides cops, Perk said, the mayor must produce new industry, new warehouses, new research laboratories, low-cost parking, better services, and spend less money. As a successful keeper of the county's books, Perk feels qualified to tell voters where their money has not gone.

Mayoral attrition is especially high this year, and by now everyone has an idea of why so many liberal leaders have departed. Yet two years ago when many liberals were preparing to bail out, Stokes was raising Cleveland from the urban muck. Cleveland: Now! generated excitement and gave reason to get interested in the city. Then in July of last year a gunfight between some black nationalists and the police resulted in 11 dead. The suddenness and horror of the incident left a bitter taste. Fred Ahmed Evans and the other nationalists supposedly bought their guns with Cleveland: Now! money; it had been thought that a Negro mayor would insure against ghetto violence. Last month the police, wearing black armbands, held a memorial service in St. John's Cathedral, while chanting nationalists marched in Glenville. Politicians say Cleveland is scared and Stokes is a loser. But Stokes is a resourceful and intelligent politician of whom much the same thing was said two years ago. Unlike his opponents, Stokes realizes that today a city demands more than making the garbage trucks run on time. What remains to be seen is whether he realizes that those who are grousing over cops and money mean to be heard and included in the scheme of urban change. If they are ignored, they will vote from office whoever happens to be there. The cities, it appears, are less in need of civil rights liberals than of new urban populists who speak to both the 3-by-4-inch plasticized flag and the upheld fist. If Carl Stokes makes the transition, he might become a lasting phenomenon.

Daniel Henninger

Uncivil War Afflicts the Peace Corps

Confronting the Pentagon in Micronesia

by Paula Stern

The Peace Corps at the tender age of eight is suffering from acute organizational troubles. President Nixon's Corps Director, Joseph H. Blatchford, wants to take Sargent Shriver's brain child "in new directions, establishing closer ties with Congress and so forth." So far, "so forth" has caused an estimated 90 percent turnover of senior staff. Blatchford is thirty-five; Corps volunteers' average age is twenty-four (90 percent of them are college graduates). Blatchford plans to recruit more middle-aged, mid-career, experienced professionals and skilled workers, and send them abroad with their wives and children in underdeveloped regions where he'll provide living, travel, health, and training expenses for all the family, as well as beef up their "readjustment allowances" because they will have supposedly "sacrificed" more than the ordinary, younger volunteers. According to Blatchford, who wants "to

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try to break the stereotype that all college graduates are idealistic," young college graduates say, "I don't have anything else to do. I might as well join the Peace Corps." Blatchford's viewpoint is not popular.

The director is also embroiled with incensed volunteers in Micronesia, which is a microcosm for Peace Corps malaise. Staff out there in the Pacific is quitting or being fired; volunteers are complaining more than usual; and the Corps has clashed head-on with the host government, which is the United States. Micronesia is a United States Strategic Trust Territory, a unique, tailor-made United Nations arrangement whereby the United States has the right to fortify it, station forces there, and close part or all of it for security reasons. Micronesia in fact is a colony, run by a High Commissioner who is appointed by the President and who reports to the Secretary of Interior.

At issue in Micronesia is a phaseout of 12 Peace Corps lawyers because of pressures from the military. The Peace Corps thereby has been laid wide open to dangerous charges that it is merely an agency of United States foreign and military policy. Jerry Fite, who was fired last month as Peace Corps program officer for Micronesia and who once was executive secretary to former Corps directors Sargent Shriver and Jack Vaughn, says that the Corps has "worked under practically every kind of government. Peace Corps volunteers have served successfully under dictatorships, royalty, even Communist-inspired leaders. Apparently, the only system not applicable for the Peace Corps is our own."

Approximately 60 percent of Micronesia – 2,100 tiny islands scattered across an area larger than the United States – is held as "public lands" by the United States. Entire island populations have been lifted from their ancestral homes to suit the United States military. The Department of Defense has conducted atomic tests on Bikini. It has used Eniwetok and Kwajalein atolls to test nuclear devices and diseases and poisons as weapons, and to target ICBM and ABM interceptor missiles. Some islanders who were not moved were dusted by radioactive fallout. Parts of Saipan became a highly classified CIA training ground for Nationalist Chinese guerrillas. Stretching across the Kwajalein atoll is the "single most important test site for any strategic US weapon," says an ABM expert who is a consultant to the Defense Department; so the natives of Kwajalein were removed and crowded on to Ebeye island, which as a consequence is now a densely populated urban slum. The people of Eniwetok were dumped on remote Ujelang, which is 300 miles from the next island and 600 miles from the Marshall Islands District Center, which administers Ujelang. The rat-infested, barren isle of Ujelang lost all its topsoil in a typhoon, around the turn of the century, so its new inhabitants must depend on the US for sustenance.

What had the 12 Peace Corps lawyers done to be phased out? They had counseled Micronesians about their land rights, informing them on how to claim reimbursement for land that was taken without payment by the US. The lawyers also codify tribal laws, advise local legislatures, and teach law and civics. A recent report of the Political Status Commission of the Congress of Micronesia recommended that Micronesia become "a self-governing state in free association with the United States" or else opt for full independence. A plebiscite to determine Micronesia's future was promised for 1972. But growing military interest in Micronesia has overtaken the promises. According to former High Commissioner William Norwood, visits by increasing numbers of scouting parties from the Navy, Army, Marine Corps, and Air Force "have been construed by both Micronesians and Americans as related to the possible withdrawal of the US defense establishments from Okinawa and the need to redistribute American military capability in the western Pacific following the end of the Vietnam war."

The military are not about to let the Peace Corps cramp their freedom to exploit Micronesia's strategic worth. The scouting party that was led by Lieutenant General Louis Walt, second in command of the Marine Corps, immediately preceded the shelving of the lawyers' program. Congressman Lloyd Meeds (D., Wash.) who is knowledgeable about Micronesia, said Walt returned from his trip assured that the Marines could have part of the island of Palau for a base. Micronesian Peace Corps staffers add that Walt told the mayor and councilmen of Rota, an island between Guam and Saipan, that the Marines wish to establish a base and that the American military can take any land they want, but that they also wish to have "good relations with the people and so want to avoid this." The chaplain in Walt's entourage explained to Peace Corps volunteers in Micronesia that the Department of Defense wants to "use Rota as a training ground for practicing assault tactics for establishing a beachhead. . . ."

When Walt returned to Washington, however, the Palauian legislature passed a resolution that the Palauians did not want an American base on Palau. Walt pinned the blame for the resolution on a Peace Corps lawyer-adviser to the legislature, Fred Schulz, who had earlier argued about Vietnam with members of Walt's Marine party. Walt issued a highly critical report on the lawyer and distributed it to members of Congress. He also made a classified report, which reportedly includes an appraisal of Peace Corps relations, district by district, with marks ranging from outstanding to poor. Peace Corps staff in Micronesia feel Schulz was the subject of unfair and unjustified accusations. One staff-member evaluated the volunteer saying, "Fred Schulz is the opposite of a political activist. . . . He is a lawyer who feels anything not legal is below his dignity. So to make Fred out to be a dan-

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gerous activist is a bit silly."

Walt was not alone in his criticism. Last February, former High Commissioner Norwood wrote to Mrs. Ruth Van Cleve, then Director of the Office of Territories in the Department of Interior, that there were "increasing indications of the interests of the Department of Defense in Micronesia. Some volunteers have openly attacked the US defense policy in the Pacific area and have agitated against any further acquisition of land for establishment of military bases." He expressed his personal concern "about increasing agitation by the political activists among the Peace Corps volunteers . . ." and their "interest that takes the form of plots and incitements to the defiance of the Administration." At a SEATO reception May 21, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Admiral John McCain stated his sentiments more simply: "Peace Corps, they're ok. Except we have had some trouble with some volunteers in Micronesia. They were telling the Micronesians that they should hold out for full independence. We can't have that."

The military had their way. On May 1, the day of Director Blatchford's confirmation, he and Regional Director of East Asia-Pacific, Russ Davis, telephoned the Peace Corps Country Director in Micronesia, Roger Flather, to inform him that the seven lawyers who were leaving this summer at the end of their duty would not be replaced.

Blatchford and Davis deny making the decision. Blatchford June 25 told Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that "the lawyer program is going to continue. It has been slightly phased down. . . ." On July 25, answering an inquiry about the May 1 decision, Blatchford told me, "it is not a phaseout; it may or may not phase out." He said the policy is to "review" it for two or three months and so all he has decided is "let's not cut, but let's not increase." He insisted that he would not be "cutting" the program even if he allowed the lawyers to leave without replacing them. Finally, he disclaimed any May 1 decision. (The review that Blatchford proposes has already been conducted by a staffer, who collected all memos concerning program review and found there wasn't a single negative report about the lawyers, and that staff recommendations of seven new lawyers equaled the number requested.)

But a letter from Russ Davis to Roger Flather dated May 12 confirms the May 1 decision: "You [Flather] persist in acting as though I made the decision to cancel the replacements to the Micronesian lawyers' program, when you known [sic] damn well, after talking directly to Blatchford, that I didn't. It was precisely to let you know where the decision came from that you were called into Guam for a telephone conversation. You also seem to prefer to believe that the decision is open to review. It was made the day you talked to Blatchford and the invitations were withdrawn. . . . Since the replacement group for summer has already been disinvited nothing will be affected for that go-round. . . . I'm sure that Interior will have second thoughts. They always do. . . ."

Blatchford defends his involvement by saying "I've just caught the rear end of this [Micronesian affair]." That's true; Peace Corps should never have gone into a US Strategic Trust Territory in the first place – a job for the Department of Interior or OEO. But Blatchford also claims: "I have never been sent a memo or been called by any other agency; the only other agency I've ever talked to is the Secretary of State." However, a June 4 memo circulating in the Peace Corps states that a staff member in Washington saw a copy of a letter from the Department of Defense suggesting removal of the lawyers. One possible solution of the contradiction is that Blatchford might have been instructed to shelve the program before being confirmed.

The Peace Corps has been shaky for some time. Vietnam cut down volunteer recruitment, especially since Vaughn refused to take a clear, public stand for peace on behalf of the Peace Corps. But when Nixon replaced Vaughn with Blatchford just after Secretary of State Rogers had reassured Vaughn that his position was secure, staff resentment skyrocketed. The new director was fresh from a near-win race for Congress in San Pedro, California, conducted by Spencer-Roberts, and Associates, the PR firm of Nixon in California, Governor Ronald Reagan, and other "reasonable, responsible Republicans." (Recently Blatchford confided to a friend that he is eyeing the governor's seat, or a place in the US Senate from California.) Blatchford, who calls himself "chief executive" of the Corps, is changing the swinging "style of operating" of his predecessors, and reorganizing in a way in which he, "would have more delegation to fewer people at the top." He has inspired disenchanted tales, which are spreading through headquarters. For instance, that he wanted an elevator for his exclusive use but settled for operators giving him "express" service. According to *The Washington Post* of July 14, Russ Davis "had to force his way past a protesting elevator operator while Blatchford stood inside grinning."

More deadly to the Peace Corps, however, is that Blatchford does not appear to detect the threat to the agency's autonomy. "Peace Corps' desire to go it alone [in the past] was legitimate," he explains, but now its "own identity is sufficiently established." The Micronesian affair proves the contrary – as well as proving that the Department of Defense or any other agency is a weak crutch to lean on. Perhaps the incidents in Micronesia will have a cathartic effect so that Peace Corps can stand strong and independent of oftentimes disabling American foreign policy.

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Jousting With Oil

by David Sanford

Americans pay between five and seven billion dollars a year in excess costs for fuel oil and gasoline because of protectionist oil import quotas that keep cheap foreign oil off the market. The cost of fuel oil is inflated by about four cents per gallon; the cost of gasoline five cents. The car owner who buys 700 gallons of gas a year – which is about average – pays about $35 in overcharges. Families who heat their homes with oil lose $59. Senator Philip Hart, whose exhaustive hearings on the oil import quotas have gone unreported by *The New York Times*, ignored by TV, and buried in the rest of the press, wonders why no one is upset by something that costs us more than Nixon's ABM – at least $50 billion in the last decade.

The Administration itself is of two minds about oil import quotas. The Interior Department, which administers quotas, has released a staff study predictably taking the industry position against eliminating the quota system. In substance it says that doing away with quotas would make domestic oil uncompetitive with foreign oil, would therefore lead to a decline in domestic oil production and an oil emergency if supplies of foreign oil were ever cut off. But the opposite view is taken by Richard W. McLaren, Assistant Attorney General, who recommends that quotas be eliminated. This, says McLaren, would encourage the oil industry to operate efficiently and be "of significant benefit to the nation's interest in low-cost energy supplies." "The present system," McLaren argues, "imposes serious costs to the economy, higher prices to consumers," and is not necessary "to the attainment of any national security goal."

Everybody knows about the oil depletion allowance which makes the oilmen richer than they ought to be. The import quota program is another monumental boon to the oil industry, but it has had less attention.

The oil-import control program was imposed by Eisenhower in 1959, ostensibly to protect the national security. Imports were to be limited to just over 12 percent of domestic production in order to assure that there would always be enough US oil production to satisfy the country's need in the unlikely event that foreign oil were suddenly cut off. Under the program as enunciated by the President, the Interior Department was given the authority to assign quotas to specific businesses, primarily those with refineries in operation before 1959. Interior can take away a quota assignment and put companies dependent on foreign oil out of business. It can grant temporary emergency quotas when oil is short and issue quotas to firms operating in so-called "free port" subzones where oil may be imported. Because refineries most often are located near the sources of oil, import quotas are assigned most generously to companies in oil-producing states. Elsewhere, where refineries are few and far between as they are in New England, the Southeast and Great Lakes regions, quotas are niggardly or nonexistent. The system is irrational but it accomplishes its real objective – protecting the major oil companies from competitive intrusions by foreign oil.

The operation of the quota system is best understood in terms of the effects it has on its victims. Senator Hart's latest round of hearings focused on the plight of Hawaii, New England, and the petrochemical industry, which are extreme but not atypical examples of distress.

Hawaii, for example, is in the grip of the import quota system and the Standard Oil Company of California. Hawaii depends for energy exclusively on oil, which is not produced in the state, but must be imported. Standard Oil owns and operates Hawaii's only refinery. Seven oil companies, including Standard, sell gas and oil retail in Hawaii. All of them buy gasoline from Standard's Honolulu refinery, selling it themselves under their own brands. In fact, the companies are directly connected to the Standard refinery by pipeline. (Standard's "competitors" – principally Texaco, Shell, Union and Phillips – reciprocate in other parts of the world where they have oil and Standard doesn't.)

Standard's Hawaiian refinery gets all of its crude oil under assigned quotas from foreign sources, namely, Saudi Arabia, Iran and Indonesia, where Standard produces crude oil in operations that Standard *owns* in common with several other major oil companies. Oil extracted from the Persian Gulf area and Indonesia is the cheapest in the world. The true cost of crude oil refined in Honolulu is about two-thirds that of domes-

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tic crude oil refined in California, despite the high costs of transporting it from its source. But consumers in Hawaii pay about three-and-a-half cents more per gallon for gasoline than their counterparts in Los Angeles.

Standard imports oil to Hawaii under its assigned quotas and produces almost exactly as much gasoline as is sold in the state. It could meet all of Hawaii's needs for gasoline, and at reasonable prices. But there is no competition and Standard manipulates upward the price of gas. Between 20 and 37 percent of the gas refined in Honolulu is shipped *to* the West Coast – 2,400 miles away – at the same time that one of Standard's major Hawaiian "competitors" brings in a portion of its gas *from* the West Coast.

Despite the fact that Hawaii's gas and oil comes from foreign sources, it is priced as if it *all* comes from California. Retail dealers in Honolulu are charged the list or "posted" price Standard sets in California (17.4 cents a gallon) plus a penny per gallon for transporting it across the Pacific. California dealers themselves pay considerably *less* than the posted price. Thus, to use 1967 as an example, Standard's price in Honolulu was 24 percent higher than its average price in Los Angeles. Honolulu dealers paid 3.5 cents more per gallon. Standard might claim that the pricing has something to do with shipping costs, but it clearly does not. Standard sends all of the oil from its Hawaiian refinery that is not sold in Hawaii to Seattle, where, despite transport costs, it is sold at an average of three cents a gallon less than to dealers in Hawaii.

At the retail level, estimates of overcharges to customers vary from $13- to $23 million a year – $39 to $69 for every motor vehicle in Hawaii.

Hawaii is without hydroelectric energy, atomic energy. Oil is required to generate electricity, for transportation, industry. One way for Hawaii to escape the Standard Oil Company juggernaut would be to attract a second refinery to provide true competition. But Hawaii would require a foreign trade subzone designation, accompanied by quotas permitting importation of foreign crude oil.

Imposing quotas on Hawaii is meaningless, as William Summers Johnson, Honolulu's Finance Director, pointed out to the Hart Subcommittee: "The main criticism of the oil import quota system, as it applies to Hawaii, is not that it keeps foreign oil and oil products out of the state. On the contrary, substantially all of the oil products used in the state *are* from foreign sources anyway. . . . The fault to be found with the oil import quota program in Hawaii is that it only has the effect of imposing arbitrarily high prices for foreign oil. The program has the practical effect of restricting the business of importing foreign oil – and most particularly the products of foreign oil – to a relative few favored companies." It would serve Hawaii's interests, and the country's to abolish the entire quota system.

Consumers, politicians, and businessmen in New England want Occidental Petroleum Corporation to build an oil refinery, at Machiasport, Maine, to process oil imported from Libya and Venezuela and sell a portion of it to New England oil-heat users. It is something the region needs. The right to import oil freely could save $140 million a year in retail heating-oil purchases. But for New England to get it a much broader consensus is required. The federal government must either grant oil import quotas to Occidental for Machiasport or junk the Mandatory Oil Import Program altogether. The Machiasport matter has been pending at Interior for more than a year.

Eight million of New England's ten million people live in dwellings heated by light fuel oil supplied in the main by 3,800 independent dealers (many of them lately have been bought out by major oil companies). The Presidential order creating oil import quotas has had a drastic effect on the fuel-oil industry, resulting in shortages (in the past two winters oil supplies ran out), competitive advantage to natural gas (for which there are no quotas), and the need for temporary emergency import allocations.

New England, with five percent of the population, uses 21 percent of the country's heating oil – four billion gallons each year. Oil from the Caribbean area imported by Canada without quotas, costs, retail, three cents less than in the US. At current use rates each additional penny costs New England $40 million.

Since 1959 New England's only oil refinery has been closed; no new refineries have been built. Because oil and its derivatives are not readily and economically available, New England has no petrochemical industry, which uses oil as a raw material for synthetic fibers, plastics and other products. The plight of New England is ludicrous if only because Maine is the most convenient port for oil imported from Africa and the Middle East. In fact oil *is* brought in to Portland, Maine from these sources and piped 230 miles to Montreal where it is sold for three cents less per gallon than domestic oil in Maine. Maine legally cannot touch the oil. Maine must buy oil shipped by tanker from domestic producers on the Gulf Coast.

Hawaii, New England (and the Southeast) say they want to reduce oil and gas prices for the consumer but their fervid interest in the quota system has also at its base the desire to attract new industry – primarily petrochemical companies – which need access to oil.

The petrochemical industry is opposed to oil import quotas for reasons of self interest, and finds itself in the embarrassing position of favoring tariff restrictions on certain chemicals but opposing quotas for crude oil. Kenneth Hannan, the vice chairman of the board of Union Carbide, testified before the Hart subcommittee as the representative of nine companies (Celanese, Dow, DuPont, Kodak, Monsanto, National Distillers,

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Olin Mathieson, Publicker Industries and Union Carbide). "We believe," he said somewhat sheepishly, "the US petrochemical industry is an unintended victim" of the oil import program, which he went on to say increases the cost of the chemical industry's raw materials and impedes competition with foreign chemical producers who have ready access to cheap foreign oil. Protected by the import quotas in the market for their traditional products, the oil companies have been entering the chemical business, competing with Dow et al. Standard Oil of New Jersey, for instance, has a chemical division a third the size of DuPont.

The chemical industry can get its raw materials from two sources – natural gas or petroleum. The price of natural gas currently is low enough to allow competition with foreign chemical companies. But the industry is growing twice as fast as the production of natural gas, and prices are going up. By 1975, the industry line goes, the chemical companies will no longer be competitive with foreign firms, unless, that is, they can get cheap foreign oil. The price of domestic crude oil is 60 percent higher than foreign crude. Eliminating restrictions would save the chemical companies an estimated $240 million a year in 1975. And it would allow the companies to set up plants outside the Gulf Coast area where they now proliferate because of the availability of raw materials. The companies' suggestion that they would build plants in the Great Lakes, New England and the Southeast, the natural sites for such installations, is at least in part a ploy to attract support from politicians in those areas, and thus pit them against the oil producing states of the West and Southwest.

The petrochemical industry is saying in substance that if quotas are lifted it will spread its wealth in the South, Northeast and Great Lakes. If quotas aren't lifted, Dow, for one, will take its napalm and emigrate. The threat is not even subtle. "We could," said Hannan, "turn our back on the domestic situation and move ahead with plans for overseas plants – built with *foreign* equipment, manned by *foreign* employees and supplied with *foreign* oil free of import restrictions – and plan to supply the US market with their output. I don't believe the industry wants to do that. Frankly, I do not believe that would be in the national interest, and it is hard to see why our government would wish to continue a policy that would encourage this result."

The performance of the petrochemical companies at the Hart hearings was amusing to watch, if only because they are the natural allies of the oil industry and themselves support protectionist policies favorable to their industry. David J. Steinberg, secretary and chief economist of a group called Committee for a National Trade Policy, Inc., told Senator Hart he thought it "somewhat disconcerting to find that many of these same chemical companies, opposing government interference in the oil market, favor government interference in the chemical market. They have fought tooth and nail to keep the 'American selling price' method of valuation on benzenoid chemicals. It is an extraordinary import restriction which Congress has by legislation accorded to no other industry."

It is highly unusual for corporate giants to take one another on in public before committees of Congress. The oil industry and the chemical companies normally would work out their differences in private on some golf course somewhere. For DuPont to criticize Standard Oil is as unthinkable as for General Motors to bitch openly about the prices of US Steel. But recently both have. In the case of the chemical companies it has finally dawned upon them that the oil industry has uniquely used the government. While other industries hoped government would simply stop bothering them, oil lobbied for itself a gold mine in oil depletion allowances and oil import quotas.

The petrochemical industry, faced with declining profits and bleak projections of future business, decided after a great deal of handwringing (especially at DuPont) to joust with Oil, joining the fight with Hawaii, New England and others who oppose quotas. It is a good fight since an indirect and possibly unintended result of a victory would be a reduction in the prices all of us pay for gas and oil. Consumers thus in this case may benefit from the squaring off of two ugly giants.

Senator Hart, so far, has heard 60 witnesses – economists with abstruse testimony the gist of which is that the import quota system is arbitrary, unfair, and should be abandoned in favor of free market competition; oil company executives, much of whose testimony Dr. John Blair, chief economist of Hart's subcommittee characterizes as "seemingly addressed not to the subcommittee but to the internal officials of their own corporations, inoffensive, conveying no knowledge"; and the statements of businesses and state and local governments of areas that lose out to protectionist import policy.

The issues as discussed in committee seem beyond comprehension to most laymen, and perhaps that is one reason most of us don't know and therefore don't care that we are getting the shaft from the oil industry and its captives in the government, whose oil policies serve neither the national security nor the interests of the people.

COMING: Christopher Jencks discusses intelligence and race

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Anti-city, a Crisis of Authority

The Problem Is More than Schools

by Joseph Featherstone

Despite the chaos in New York City, a number of cities are gingerly moving towards some form of decentralization and local control. Worried administrators are trying to read the murky lessons of New York's disaster: it is obvious that any planning for decentralization has to include representatives of all the important political elements in a city. There should be one single plan, instead of half a dozen. Guarantees of teachers' rights have to be spelled out. And if decentralization is preceded by any experimental dry runs, such as the demonstration districts in New York, it will be necessary to delegate powers and lines of authority with a great deal of precision. Such experiments may be necessary on political grounds, but they inevitably work as lightning rods, attracting trouble, offering easy marks for sabotage to those opposing change, and exposing the fundamental issues at stake. The experience of New York with its demonstration districts resounds like a funeral bell with one practical lesson: any experimental districts ought to include some white middle-class areas, and probably should include poor and lower-middle-class whites as well. White parents have to be persuaded that they, too, can benefit from lay participation in school reform. The failure to do this in New York – to name, for example, the integrated Joan of Arc district on the upper West Side as one of the model districts – was a major error.

These and other tactical considerations must be weighed, but when all is said, there is no set of techniques for dodging the underlying dilemmas posed by the movement for community control. Lurking like carp below the surface of the school disputes are a number of shadowy issues very nearly without precedent in our history. There are intellectual issues arising out of the new communitarianism of portions of the middle class, and new challenges to the professionalism of the urban bureaucracies. There are the political issues raised by the minority revolutions. And intertwined with these are the educational issues. One of the difficulties in the school crises is that all the questions – each complex and baffling enough in its own right – fuse together, so that protagonists find themselves forced to take sides on a whole range of complex concerns all at once. It seems to me that, under the circumstances, only ideologues and bigots can look at what is happening with undivided minds. Two concerns, both as yet badly-defined, form part of the intellectual background of discussions of decentralization. The first – the widespread sympathy with demands for increased local control – is still only a mood. The second – the attack on professional monopoly of the professions – is as yet reflected in a few weak stirrings of rebellion. Both may become more important as time goes on; ultimately the constituency for community control and reform of the professions may include more than just the oppressed urban minorities.

Race and the collapse of services for the poor fire the movement for community control now, but it also draws on wider currents of feelings. Resentment at the way the cities work has been festering for 20 years. As Nathan Glazer says, the program for community control antedates the black revolution – it was drawn up by middle-class theorists like Paul and Percival Goodman and Jane Jacobs. Nor was it an exclusive concern of a few white intellectuals with a taste for anarchism. In moving out to the suburbs many people were choosing, among other things, to sacrifice certain amenities of city life for a setting in which they had some leverage on government and access to the authorities – or at the very least, choices about such matters as the educational environment in which their children were to grow up. Clearly there were many other reasons for the middle-class exodus, not least of which was the desire to escape the presence of the new black immigrants. And of all places, the suburbs illustrate the extent to which American life is organized in mass national units: their chain stores and their similarities of landscape are reminders that there will always be a limit to how much local control any of us will have in a continental, and even international, economy. But granting all this, I still think Glazer is right: one aspect of the growth of suburbia has been middle-class dissatisfaction with urban services, distrust of the vast city bureaucracies, and aversion to being administered.

This resentment of a distinctly modern condition of powerlessness is shared by portions of the population in all the advanced technological societies. It unites conservatives and radicals – like an SDS girl I spoke to who had worked with some John Birchers against an urban renewal project in South Boston. It is accentuated by the recurring incapacity of majoritarian democracies

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to come to terms with their ethnic and cultural diversities – an incapacity which has produced waves of separatist (and often reactionary) movements in countries like Britain, Belgium, and Canada. In America, attention has focused on the rise of black nationalism, but a similar mood of resentful communitarianism lies at the roots of the spreading white middle-class revolts against urban renewal plans, superhighways, and ABM missile sites; it is responsible for a measure of the campus unrest, as well. In distinct ways, Eugene McCarthy, George Wallace, and Robert Kennedy were able to tap it in the last Presidential campaign, invoking what Richard Goodwin has called the sources of our public unhappiness. So far it remains simply a mood: it has not been able to crystallize itself into any institutional shape. The main intellectual failure of those who share it has been a reluctance to grapple with the problem that demands for participation and local control have to be squared with the fact that this is a nation of 200,000,000 people, many of whom are organized into hierarchies, bureaucracies, and unions. What is called for is the kind of intellectual enterprise that Paul and Percival Goodman began in *Communitas*, an attempt to spell out real alternatives to our present urban life. What we are getting, instead, is simply a reiteration of the dim aspirations of a troubled middle class for accountability, participation, and a politics of private expressiveness. Nonetheless these dissatisfactions with the urban order, and the call for more participation and local control, are very much in the air: even though their intellectual sources are different from those of the minority revolutions, they have contributed to the declining legitimacy of the urban institutions now under fire.

This mood informs an assault now underway against the bureaucracies and professions. In an explosive new context, the advocates of community control of the schools have revived a traditionally stormy issue in American education: whether laymen or professionals will run the schools. This may signal the slow beginning of an important shift in thinking – not just for blacks, but for the white middle class, too. In the past, radicals and reformers have tended to assume that virtue must dwell with the professionals, whose standards are usually more progressive and universal than those of their clients; local control in the South, everybody knew, spoke in the accents of parochialism and bigotry. This is a classic argument; it remains true today. Its force has been somewhat blunted in recent years, however, as it also becomes plain that large numbers of professionals – in medicine and other fields as well as education – are digging in to protect vested interests from reasonable public scrutiny and accountability. In many cases the professionals are hiding behind obsolete and self-serving credentials and licensing systems. The furor over schools has obscured how general these problems are becoming. In the midst of the Albany legislative sessions on school decentralization, for example, there were a number of skirmishes over hospitals – particularly Harlem Hospital – that raised similar issues. Both hospitals and schools are failing the poor, and lack of money is only part of the problem. In both, the professionals have a natural stake in keeping themselves in charge and the public out – although there are indications that a number of disgusted doctors may end up crossing over to the ranks of a community control movement.

Reform of structures that have simply grown up over the years is clearly long overdue, although this may not be the most opportune moment for a sensible debate. Many children of the affluent are talking as though they wanted to repudiate all professional standards. A few teachers, doctors, lawyers, and others are seriously working to define a new professionalism – one that would serve clients instead of the profession. Up to now, their influence hasn't been great.

Intolerable schools and collapsing health services give the revolt of the urban minorities more of a focus than middle-class longings for participation; but while it is more specific, it shares many of the same battle cries and poses, with one great exception, similar challenges to the professionals. The exception, of course, is race. A new black community consciousness is stirring; and we are witnessing an ambitious attempt to organize the black ghettoes into a political force around issues like community control of schools.

To take the measure of all these stirrings is far from easy. As with the middle-class left, a good deal of black revolutionary rhetoric barely masks a profound despair; and politics too often becomes a matter of inflammatory gestures, rather than programs. And for all the organizing that is going on, blacks in the cities are still dismayingly weak as a political force. The needles turn in the old, old grooves: people don't vote, leadership in the "community" is divided and greedy, few organizations are capable of surmounting the grinding factionalism. As a political fact, it is wise to remember, black power is still a slogan: real power in the ghetto remains the same as ever, an occasional veto power over the white armies of occupation.

Nevertheless there are signs of a change, particularly in the aftermath of the various community action programs of the war on poverty. In many ways these programs were a bust, provoking long, senseless quarrels among the poor over bones devoid of any meat. In the absence of massive employment and income programs, bitter fights over participation seem rarely to have been worth the candle. But veterans of the poverty programs have been trained to organize; and they emerged from the whole futile process with a conviction that there are plenty of things wrong with the institutions serving ghettoes besides lack of funds. The community action programs didn't produce a revo-

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lution, as their hysterical enemies charged; they didn't alter the feelings of the poor about being powerless, as sentimental advocates hoped. They have, perhaps, established an important precedent in the ghetto: successful programs to help the poor probably can no longer be run without the active participation of representatives of the poor. This includes schools.

In the course of a curiously ambivalent assessment of the community action programs, Daniel P. Moynihan pointed out that one of their principal results has been the creation of a new black leadership at a time when minorities are struggling for more power in city politics. Discrimination and the decline of opportunities for unskilled work in the inner-city cores have made blacks more dependent on public institutions than earlier immigrants. At the same time, civil service reform and the professionalization and upgrading of municipal services have denied many entry into the sorts of jobs that were once available through patronage to the old-time ethnic political machines. In a sense, as Moynihan says, the poverty programs have been a substitute for Tammany, a political apprenticeship. Much of the drive for community control of schools in New York has come from people trained to hold meetings, write proposals, operate mimeograph machines, and make trouble for bureaucrats by the various community action programs of the war on poverty. There is no cause to romanticize this process of political development or to exaggerate its progress. Harlem has its full share of the oldest politics of all – jiggery-pokery and corruption. It is too early to say with any confidence that the new leadership emerging will in fact be an improvement on the old. What is clear is that the school crises have joined this new ghetto leadership to another new group, black professionals, ambitious and eager to reform the schools.

There are different priorities in this alliance: for some, schools come second – they are merely a focus for organizing a community. For others – for most of the professionals, and, one suspects, for most thoughtful and active parents – reforming the schools is the main task.

If the new forces in the ghetto succeed they will in the end have to make a settlement with a society that is increasingly meritocratic and committed to more and more "objective" criteria in advancing people to better jobs. Perhaps they will be able to link up with a general reform aimed at loosening up rigid professional structures, making qualifications for jobs rest on performance, rather than credentials. Right now this seems a long way off. The experience of earlier groups with the bureaucracies suggests the need for some perspective: once you break in fully, the walls can help protect you, too, a consideration that will not escape the attention of black professionals as they start defining their roles in community-controlled institutions.

The push to organize the ghettoes poses questions that time may answer, but which now look close to insoluble. The rhetoric of the organizers masks a basically conservative aim: many argue that the way to join up with a society that has excluded blacks up to now is to organize as a group. But conservative or not, this tactic exposes the uncomfortable truth that life in America, for all our universalistic pretensions, is organized on the basis of competing racial and ethnic groups. Ethnic identities persist in voting patterns and ways of living: they are vital realities, not a survival from the past. Earlier groups, it must be said, did not usually manage to break in to established institutions, which is what blacks are attempting: the more common pattern was to create their own, on the margins of society – political machines, the crime syndicates, and the Catholic Church being prime examples.

There are no other levers of power within reach: blacks have no money, and in most cities they don't have anything like a majority of votes. They have two perennial weapons of the underdog: the appeal to the universal values – equality, justice – America says it lives by, and the threat of disruption. The first has produced some gains, but is not likely to carry them very much farther, and the second is wearing dangerously thin. So they have to organize, knowing as they do that any effort to organize along racial lines will cut them off from white allies. Many admit the risks involved, that community control will always be something of a sham without massive national jobs, income, and housing programs. An administrator in one of the New York demonstration districts thought about this and conceded: "The reason why we're picking on the schools is that everything else has failed."

Sooner or later discussions of these matters come round to the need for national political coalitions, for which there would seem to be no realistic immediate prospects. The decentralization crisis is in part a reflection of this political failure. Behind the struggle for community control of the ghettoes lies the somber truth about America in 1969: here, as St. Paul says, we have no continuing city, only groups pursuing self-interest to the edge of self-destruction.

Community control of the schools spells deep trouble; many of the criticisms levelled at it strike me as quite sound in theory. There are always going to be sharp limits as to how much one can accomplish simply by staging elections in unorganized communities. Community control will not mean more money for public education – indeed, one danger is that it could signal further withdrawals of white support from ghetto institutions. It raises risks of confrontations between hysterical whites and black extremists; as in New York it can provoke a conservative and racist backlash. And it always has to be remembered that it does not

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necessarily mean any change either in teaching or in learning.

Finally, however, such reservations are beside the point. The school system is shaking to pieces. There is a crisis of authority, and there has to be a political settlement. The opponents of the movement for community control have said – correctly – that it is a threat to order because it discredits many existing institutions. It does this for the good reason that they aren't representing the interests of ghetto residents. In that sense it is revolutionary, although we should remember that most trade unions, including the UFT, used to operate on the far side of the law, and that peace usually comes about when organized groups know that they have enough strength to come to terms, but not enough to destroy each other.

The opponents of community control have been unwilling to admit how much authority has ebbed away from institutions in the ghettoes. They have been unable to pose any political or educational alternatives. Legitimacy can only be restored by a redistribution of power. The unanswered question in New York City, and elsewhere, is the extent to which any redistribution of power has to be along ethnic and racial lines.

Peace of sorts can come to the schools and other ghetto institutions. How much better they will then be is another matter. Less bureaucracy will be an improvement, as will more parent participation and local accountability, but there is no evidence that any of these reforms will necessarily improve children's learning. The movement for community control is a political phenomenon. It has been the focus of debates on education because there seems no way of moving schools in any direction unless the political dilemmas are first resolved. Educationally speaking, it is not a program, but simply a response to what are believed to be the failures of integration and compensatory education. Actually, integration, like Christianity, has rarely been attempted in any intelligent way. (A notable exception is Berkeley, California.) Its failure in places like New York was political: not enough people wanted it. The same thing is true of compensatory education: no dramatic, expensive attempt has been made anywhere to make schools for black and poor children *better* than schools for the middle class. This, too, has been a political matter: few people are willing to spend that kind of money. (For one thing it might be better spent on jobs and income programs.) While it is true, however, that the final returns are not yet in on integration and compensatory programs, it would be foolish to ignore the depth of our political failures. For some time to come, it will be chimerical to hold out promises of either integration or adequate compensatory programs in most districts of a city like New York.

Throughout the discussions of education, little has been said about parents' involvement, aside from a number of misleading claims on this score from the ranks of those supporting community control. Yet some of the most promising schools in our cities have been on a scale sufficiently small to make participation work. The experience of small privately-financed "community" schools and storefronts has confirmed what some of the better preschool and Head Start programs have discovered: that apart from political considerations, there are sound educational arguments for active parent involvement in schools for younger children – because what parents do and say is more important to the lives of small children than anything a teacher does.

Some thoughtful people in the ghettoes say that these private ventures, at present financed by string and chewing gum, point towards a day when public education as we know it will be dead in our cities, a victim of its inability to resolve its besetting dilemmas. Despairing activists in the community-control movement are saying that they have given up on the public schools, although nobody has any idea of how sources of public money could be tapped to feed private ghetto schools. Over the next few years there may be some experimenting with public tuition grants to groups of parents interested in setting up their own schools. Like decentralization and community control, this will be sold as a sovereign remedy, guaranteed to cure every ill that man or horse is heir to. Again, some skepticism will be in order: the poor have not traditionally fared well at the mercies of the free market. One look at the fraudulent schools supposedly teaching computer programming to ghetto residents should convince anybody of the limits of free enterprise. Still, the crisis may push us that way, and if it does we may have to change some of our historic ideas about education. As David Cohen puts it, the state might come to be seen as the regulator of the schools, rather than the agency that actually operates them. There have been glimmerings of this notion throughout the decentralization controversy in New York: all the different community-control proposals tacitly assumed new responsibilities for state education authorities – regulating such matters as civil liberties and the teaching of bigotry, maintaining standards, and overseeing the distribution of state and federal aid according to equitable formulas.

There is plenty of educational experimenting left to be done, and out of all the present turmoil there may emerge schools that are diverse, and better than those we have. One of the few clear lessons in this whole muddled business, however, is that the schools mirror the society. Its political failures have generated a crisis that schools alone can never solve. At long last, we are learning that the schools won't be able to pick up the marbles for the rest of the social order.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Featherstone *on community control of the schools. The preceding articles appeared in the issues of July 19 and August 16.*

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Justine

(20th Century-Fox)

Putney Swope

(Cinema V)

Justine is a Pandro S. Berman production in Panavision, color, and trouble. Berman, who has been producing for over 30 years, has turned out several good entertainments, like some Astaire musicals; but he is subject to attacks of "quality" ambition, like (if they may be joined) *The Brothers Karamazov* (1958) and *Sweet Bird of Youth* (1962). Others were involved first, still he was probably predestined to try to make a film of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*. Berman's first choice for director was Joseph Strick, possibly because Strick had just "licked" another long novel, *Ulysses*. But Strick-licking turned out to be unsatisfactory and he was replaced by George Cukor. The Durrell work is much involved with femininity, explicit and atmospheric; Cukor, rightly or superficially, has the name of being a "woman's director." Together Berman and Cukor, with the scriptwriting of Lawrence B. Marcus, have licked Durrell, to a frazzle.

It couldn't have been otherwise. Durrell's tetralogy is, for me, a first-class second-class work of literature, gorgeous, witty, and flattering: it takes us into a universe of exoticism and sexual acceptances and ambiguities in a way that amuses us and moves us without really enlarging us, and it makes us feel terribly worldly just for having made the literary trip. Alone, those factors would have been assets for filming, but what makes the film transposition impossible is Durrell's chief defect. The longer the quartet goes on, the clearer it becomes, and the less interesting. What has been presented as character contradiction and exploration becomes just the deviousness of a well-fleshed spy story. Proust (so to speak) becomes Ambler. Plus a big disadvantage for movies: Ambler can be filmed because from Word One he exists as Ambler, but to condense Durrell's four novels reduces them even from their own reductive process. They become, in film-script form, one long series of explanations. (With frantic attempts to touch as many bases as possible; there is even a fast reference to Cavafy, the poet of Alexandria who is so important to Durrell.)

Leon Shamroy, the cinematographer, began in films with Flaherty and is a man of greater resource than he is usually allowed to show. The best elements in this film are visual: the exteriors (shot in Tunis) and some of the thick-draperied interiors that made me feel as if my mouth were full of Turkish coffee. But even visually there are defects. Look at the scene in which Darley accompanies Justine to the beach and she frolics in the waves; then note, when we move to a close-up of them lying on the sand, how the light changes in the studio insert.

Anouk Aimée is Justine, which seems ideal casting. It would be if she had a part to play, but her role is a series of tenuously connected fragments. All she is able to do is to merchandise Aimée beauty and sexiness and sophisticated tenderness. She is not an actress of great depth or range, but she is certainly more than a personality. (Remember her portrayal of the wife in $8^{1}/_{2}$.) Without the compass points of a character, an actress can only paddle around in the circle of herself, as producers and directors trade on what she has established in fuller roles in the past. This is what has already happened to Jeanne Moreau, whose appearances have become a kind of medley of "And then I played. . . ." I hope it will not happen to Miss Aimée.

In that recurrent character of the young British schoolmaster in a strange environment, Michael York is merely British. Dirk Bogarde has an easy time of it with a dilution of the caustic Pursewarden. Anna Karina, the Melissa, does not gain in subtlety or credibility or physical appeal. Severn Darden manages to get a little flavor into the capsule version of Balthasar. The rest are bland or worse.

This is Cukor's first film since he trudged through *My Fair Lady*, and, at its best, it is competent. If Cukor had remained in the theater, where he started, he would presumably by now be considered a veteran competent director of "heart" comedies and lightweight dramas, capable of staging adequate productions of plays like *The Philadelphia Story* (of which he made the movie). Instead he went into films where the equivalent quality of work has made him, for some, a minor idol. Films are permanent, can be pored over, subjected to the aggrandizements of sentimental familiarity, and can be made to satisfy the hungers of those who feel an imperative to find serious merit in entertainment pictures. Not all entertainment pictures, of course; that would spoil their constructs of discrimination. But in the Higher Philistinism which, complexly articulated, is one aspect of the *auteur* theory in films, Cukor is hailed as having displayed superb style in his long string of fabricated commercial entertainments. One *auteur* critic has called Cukor a "genuine artist." I wonder, for instance, about both Cukor's genuineness and artistry in the sequence from *Justine* where Bogarde walks away from us past a huge bush in a garden. The incident is selected and photographed so that, with the memory of five thousand similar stereotyped moments behind us, we know he is going to be surprised by someone on the other side of the bush. Or the scene in which York climbs the dome of his schoolbuilding, an incident patently contrived so that he will surely be discovered up there by someone who is going to enter soon. The list could easily be lengthened, and does not persuade me about Cukor's "genuine artistry."

Putney Swope is the most overrated film of the year – and overrated for the most puerile of reasons: it does things that have never been done before in films, anyway in aboveground ones. It's a black comedy (the pun is tedious but unavoidable) about blacks taking over a Madison Avenue agency, through a fluke vote something like the election of Corvo's Hadrian VII. Its chief comic method is reversal: blacks turning down white applicants, a wealthy black couple with a lazy blonde maid, TV commercials that contain profanity or frank sexual terms, and so on.

Bob Downey, who wrote and directed it, has some wit – as a writer. He showed this in *Chafed Elbows*, which reads funny. What he lacks is filmmaking ability above low-amateur status, some sense of comic acting and timing, and a ghost of a clue as to any purpose for his wit. *Putney Swope* is just another impudent lampoon of advertising with the switch that it is on

(Continued on page 33)

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Reed Whittemore: The Trap of Dailiness

Supergrow by Benjamin DeMott

(Dutton; $5.95)

English Departments are a big sagging industry with big sagging problems. Benjamin DeMott, aside from being what he calls a "culture reporter/professor," is an industry leader, a constant presence amid schemers for reform at endless conferences. His new book, *Supergrow*, a collection of fifteen worldly essays, is a miscellany of DeMottian responses to the urgent educational and aesthetic jams the up-to-the-minute teacher-writer constantly finds himself in, as well as to peripheral jams like Hollywood, McLuhan, sex, and *existenz*.

Sometimes an English teacher's job seems to be largely peripheral anyway – the center being missing or held incommunicado in some garret – so it has become DeMott's chosen duty to display what English would be if English were the subject that the writers of it like Shakespeare and Edgar Guest think it is. It would be, well, it would be – and we need to stutter and apologize a lot before saying it – it would be nonliterary; its "testing arena" would be "dailiness, ordinary human encounter, family life experience, the supper table."

DeMott is a strong antipositivist; he doesn't like what professions and professionalism do to people. He shares with William James a fear and contempt for the insufficiency of vision that makes Americans unable to imagine "the innerness of other lives." The book is documentation of that insufficiency, in and out of English departments, together with suggestions of what sufficiency might do.

I can think of no more important subject, but it is a commencement-address subject. Not to be taken for Polonius, DeMott has developed an extremely defensive, smart manner, a manner belying his method, which is spacious, considerate, inclusive. He *does* try to convey the "innerness of other lives," and reckon sympathetically with the opposition. Yes, the student rebels are undisciplined, out of focus, lazy and messy; but they also are vital, committed and, at least partly, right. Yes, homosexual artists are sometimes private, narrow, superficial, and lacking seriousness of commitment; but they can also be complex, sensitive, and compassionate. Each DeMott essay is a balancing act, with the possible exception of a pleasantly biting piece on the word "existential" (the word has enabled "people to sound philosophical without suffering the pain of thought"). The balancing is sometimes so excruciatingly thorough that he has trouble getting off the wire and walking home, but it is always a bit marvelous too. The reader is never ahead of DeMott; DeMott is always there saying "yes, I know that, and I know what you're *thinking*, too."

If the world were run by DeMott it would be full of happily rational but unsystematized (existential?) understanding; it would not be Brook Farm, but it would not be IBM either. DeMott respects order as well as freedom, learning as well as energy, not doing as well as doing. Above all, he respects people and the currency of their lives. He confesses to a secret communing with a long deceased pedagogue missionary named Cooley, who didn't shine at faculty meetings and was neither a coherent reformer nor a great academic brain, but who liked, he reported, to "stand at the classroom door and seek the eye of each student as they [came] in." Wonderful. Down with teaching machines. Up with Cooley and DeMott.

But not all wonderful. English teachers are now competing with all sorts of latter-day Renaissance men for the Humanities prize, and a number of competitors aren't even *in* what is educationally called the Humanities. Being hip, humane, and miscellaneously learned is the new bag for teachers and culture reporters from all over, so that the man who is merely a professional in the Humanities feels a bit out of it these days. Meanwhile, however, unthinking professionalism and the other forms of imaginative insufficiency of which DeMott rightly complains – "imagination" is his prime purr word – remain virulently present, as always. America provides plenty of reasons for their presence, but sometimes I wonder if the imaginative understanders like DeMott aren't a reason, too.

Dailiness, contemporaneity, immediacy, has itself become a trap, a trap for those who teach and report on it as well as those who merely dig it. The harder a man of perspective and imagination tries, as DeMott tries, to perform his balancing act with dailiness, the more he may be caught by what he should avoid, namely a narrow positivist vision. He may bring all sorts of wisdom, as DeMott does, to stage nudity, pot, and phony *existenz*, but in doing so he finds himself controlled, as

Dark Sister

This child of chance takes the night air
Live in the vapor lamp's morgue glow.
Can she feel that stare
Bent from the tube on her
In shape darker than shadow?

Shot siren bull-horn or tire-squeal –
Something is out this late
After some dark other turning pale,
Out perhaps of sight:
Most vision is white.

Whoever speaks her she'll take home,
They will take hands, those two,
Under the cold vapor before dawn
Saying yes or now
And going one by one.

Louis Coxe

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**They say this is a war
For Freedom Over There.
Say, Mr. F D R
How 'bout some
Freedom Here?**

—from
The Ballad of Ned Turman
quoted in

Desegregation of the U.S. Armed Forces

Richard M. Dalfiume

The democratic rhetoric of World War II was not lost on the nation's largest minority—though its effect was not that intended. To blacks serving in the rigidly segregated military, and to those on the homefront, that rhetoric was appalling in its ironies, even as it provided a powerful argument in the struggle for equality. *Desegregation of the U. S. Armed Forces* traces the 14-year effort, beginning in 1939, to achieve desegregation in the nation's military establishment as a first and essential step toward making the rhetoric more than a national hypocrisy. The effort is a story of people and attitudes, of structures and traditions. It shows clearly that the black revolution began not in 1954, but more than a decade earlier. And, in tracing that revolution in the military, *Desegregation of the U. S. Armed Forces* explores a process of change that is still before us in other critical contexts.

Desegregation of the U. S. Armed Forces: Fighting on Two Fronts, 1939-1953 Richard M. Dalfiume $6.00 at your bookseller.

**University of Missouri Press
Columbia, Missouri
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the journalist is controlled, by the uncontrollable nonsense we call news. He can't escape dealing with the front page and all its momentary obsessions; hence, even in talking the obsessions down he boosts them.

How to avoid this trap? The history of the Humanities may help us if we remember drunkenly just one feature of it: the Humanities were Latin and Greek when the pop kulch had gone wild about English.

I assume that English will continue academically to plug the present versions of Latin and Greek, that is, Shakespeare and Company. I assume that the Humanities as a whole will continue to try to demonstrate the relevance of Plato, Machiavelli, and King Tut to daily life in Washington or Peoria. But I also assume that the Humanities, to stay alive, will need to be daily too. In other words, the DeMott approach is crucial. I only doubt that the materials of dailiness can be steadily of the fashionable, journalistic kind without encouraging what we now have, a positivism of the ephemeral.

The alternative is dullsville. It is the dailiness of Wheaties boxes, of Army Field Manual #1, of textbook glub-glub. DeMott has too much a journalist's sense of dailiness to be steadily attracted to such matters, but they *are* daily, and they do need the kind of imaginative understanding DeMott can bring to them. Most important, they are fixtures, like Latin and Greek. They are the touchstones of the present—if only somebody would touch them.

In one essay in *Supergrow* DeMott seemed to like dullsville. He treated a quiet poem by Thomas Hardy with all the tenderness that quiet could possibly ask for. But Thomas Hardy, poor thing, is no longer daily, though some of us might wish he were. If DeMott and the rest of us in English could intelligently bring to life current and nonliterary quietnesses, in the way we like to imagine that we bring Hardy to life, we might then be honoring dailiness truly, thus working to restore dullsville to the dignity once accorded it. Unfortunately *Supergrow* doesn't work this way; it works unwillingly for the enemy, the media, the salesmen of permanent punch and crunch.

Mary Clabaugh Wright: Peking's Progress

Industrial Society in Communist China by Barry M. Richman

(Random House; $15.00)

Mr. Richman's study of the economy of the People's Republic of China is one of the most important in print for the informed, nonspecialist reader. (It is also essential reading for specialists, but they will exchange views in professional journals.) Beginning with the assumption that the managerial role is the key to industrial development, the author sets management in the total context of the history of China's industrial development until the end of 1966. At every point, he relates the industrial sector to the economy as a whole, and the economic sector to society as a whole. He draws widely on his own experience as a management consultant and analyst in the United States, the Soviet Union, and India and at the outset explains in clear, nontechnical language the conceptual framework of this type of economic analysis. He thus provides what we need most – not another quickie appraisal, but a do-it-yourself kit, for appraising the significance, for China's general prospects, of the changing spot news and polemics that deluge us.

Mr. Richman has until now not been identified with the study of China, but on the whole he has done his home-

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work well. He read the available literature with discrimination, discussed the Chinese setting with specialists, and thus fortified made a two-month visit to China in 1966 in which, as professional to professional, he asked the right questions and looked for the right things in his own choice of thirty-eight enterprises in eleven major cities. Although the book is replete with statistical tables, its importance does not lie in these, because of the absence or unreliability of the data in vast areas, but in the author's commonsense *qualitative* approach, buttressed where possible by figures indicating rough orders of magnitude, and occasionally, on specific but crucial points, convincing full evidence.

It would be foolish for a specialist on China to cavil at certain naive remarks about "old China," a weary cliché that Mr. Richman inexplicably attaches to every comment that he has to make about China before 1949, and also to the distinctively Chinese elements that have persisted since that date. It would be no less foolish for a mathematical economist accustomed to the pure joy of theoretical breakthroughs to criticize him for the fact that, unless studies of the Chinese economy are to be left to omnicompetent pundits of Pekinological bent, the most advanced theoretical tools must be put aside in favor of doing what is possible with the data available.

It may seem odd to recommend a heavily annotated monograph of nearly 1,000 pages to the general reader, and indeed a skilled editor might have reduced the length somewhat by occasionally removing unnecessary repetition and such curious infelicities as the persistent reference to the People's Republic as "Red China." (For Richman handles his material as a politically neutral professional.) But I am recommending it, and strongly, because it is a clear, comprehensible, competent, honest, and fresh commentary on an explosive issue that has been with us so long that we have almost forgotten that it has become every day more serious. Its length may seem forbidding, but this is lightened by fascinating first-hand illustrative accounts at hundreds of points in the exposition. Richman effectively establishes the point, which is of course not new, that the people of China in 1949 were ready for drastic change and that up to a point Maoist ideology has vastly improved management attitudes, worker motivation, and general public attitudes toward the tremendous problems facing the country in every field. Instead of regarding "the words of Mao" as ridiculous, Richman reports on how their use has affected various key aspects of production in a specific bicycle or leather goods factory.

After his extensive introductory statement of his hypotheses, assumptions and methods, Mr. Richman proceeds systematically in successive sections to discuss the various categories of constraint on China's effort to become a major industrial nation, and to underscore the significance of these by pointed and relevant comparisons to the other countries whose economic growth he has studied. He finds a great deal that offers hope to the Chinese. For example, despite certain crucial shortages, China is physically better endowed – that is, "the endowment factor" of the economist is less of an insurmountable obstacle – than many relatively well informed Americans have supposed. Attitudes toward work, toward education, toward the allocation of scarce capital to the "social overhead" areas of public health, transportation, recreation, and the like are highly favorable. Class distinctions between workers and management, with their inhibiting effect on development, turn out to be far less marked in China than in the Soviet Union or India, and somewhat less than in the United States, which is amusingly enough Communist China's closest competitor

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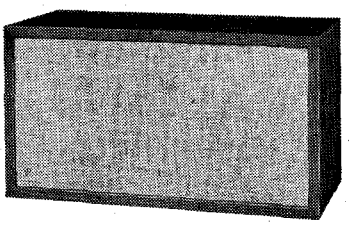

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Confusion

Having seen most of my blood spilled on the bathroom
Floor at four o'clock this morning (how well I took it;
No panic) I have come this late afternoon to certain
Conclusions. Verbena is yellow; the smell of blood

Caked in the nostrils is actually something like
Brass—previous poets and old-school novelists
Have not lied to me. The orient rests like a rose
Occiput while across its rough horizon werefolk slink

With a certain style. The Druids hold a final mass
Before turning in their beards and ripping their
Saffron robes into cleaning cloths, not very soft.
High above me hangs a bag of blood, guaranteed to

Sing in concert with mine. Having been stabbed by
Cunning white females I lie open-veined accepting
Drop by drop what seeps into me. In vein and artery
And all parts of that system whose name I do not know

I am new. Without you I would be dead. I thank you
For sharing you with me. I am you, Mrs. Rossiter,
Aged 35, hair still blonde, only two small wrinkles
At the corners of your warm mouth, more than if I

Had slept with you and our breathing had crescendoed
Together. Maybe, maybe, I now have more of you than
Mr. Rossiter himself, home from the figleaf factory. I have
Been in nooks and crannies that Mr. Rossiter would

Never think of. His imagination would boggle at where
In Mrs. Rossiter I have been. (But the husband is always
The last to know.) And Mr. Rossiter does not even guess.
By god I am going to get well and then it might embarrass

Mrs. Rossiter to find where some of her blood will be
Coursing. Or maybe not. Maybe she would be amused.
Anyway, she has brought me back and I love her for it
And there is actually a slant sun outside my hospital

Window and Mrs. Rossiter, you had better not come near
My hospital bed or things will happen to our inter-
Chemistries that no court will ever be able to
Untangle. The courts know nothing closer than

Incest—but Oh Mrs. Rossiter, wait till I catch hold of
You.

CARL BODE

on this score. Richman has also found his sample factories less trapped in internal bureaucratic red tape than their sample counterparts in either the United States or the Soviet Union. In China, the bureaucratic restraints to economic development would appear to be in the macro-management – the state apparatus – rather than in micro-management – the plant with its rather fluid face-to-face methods of procedure, its avoidance of memoranda and carbons, its generally commonsense approach to problems, its sensitivity to consumer preferences.

One of Richman's general conclusions is that ". . . a capitalistic or mixed economy, by itself, could not have led to significant industrial progress. China's communist regime, with its pervasive organization of well-motivated party cadres, its rather coercive tactics, and its ability to dramatically overhaul much of the environment of industry and management in a relatively short period of time, has done enormously more for China's industrial progress than could ever have been accomplished under a freer, more democratic, less totalitarian, or less coercive system alone." Central to the system, as the Maoists see it, is the high motivation induced by largely nonmaterial incentives. Richman finds that up to a point, the Maoists have been proven right, that without some such powerful ethical drive that has spurred the whole population, very little could have been accomplished.

Yet he demonstrates that when the ideologues, "the Reds," have taken command in overly zealous pursuit of their utopia manned by remolded men free of technocratic taint, the economy, and hence all the social programs dependent on economic performance, have been seriously set back. This was clearly the case during the Great Leap Forward of the late 1950s, a leap whose basic miscalculations, Richman argues, would have been revealed within a few months by the built-in indices of a market economy. Instead, a depression of some years ensued. In Richman's opinion, Maoist ideology, in its pure form, was by the late 1950s (and *a fortiori* by the late 1960s) no longer congruent with the social realities of a developing nation; "it no longer reflected the genuine interests and desires of the population."

The general conclusions of this book have been stated before: that China's industrial progress has been remark-

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able, but as the economy grows more sophisticated, more sophisticated approaches to economic planning will become essential. National planners will need the feedback of some version of a market-price system; plant managers will have to get beyond the abacus (the abacus is faster than the computer in simple operations, but beyond a minimum number of variables it is not useable as a calculator). Yet the experience of other countries can offer China no guide on how to combine the need for a vital ideology of the common purpose and a complex, modern technology. For the nations of the modern West have a margin; China, for all her dreams, does not.

As these issues are reexamined, and not only with reference to China, there are several reasons for singling out Richman's book for special commendation. First, it gives the reader a way to follow and join in the debate, instead of heatedly citing opposing authorities. Second, its whole tone is calm and dispassionate without being inhumane. Richman *liked* much of what he saw of the Chinese. He clearly found their impatience with red tape and protocol refreshing. He not only noted, but noted with human satisfaction, that Chinese department stores, including those in cities far off the limited tourist track, were stocked with an amazing variety of consumer goods, and were far more impressive in this respect than their Soviet counterparts. He noted the short-term cost to industry of allocating so much of China's scarce capital to social overhead: public health, education, recreation, good public transportation, and the like, but he also saw that the result in the form of a healthy, increasingly literate, highly motivated, proud labor force is also the constituent base of a new society. Yet Richman is safely clear of the charge – if it should be made – of falling for the communist line. The self-styled young Maoists of the West will find no comfort here. On every aspect of this emerging industrial society, he noted the risks, the warnings, the limitations.

Third, this is a book about far more than the industrial economy. It is also one of the most penetrating commentaries available on many related facets of contemporary Chinese society. The treatment of education is particularly outstanding because, as he puts it, "A country is no better, in economic terms, than the skills, education, and training of its inhabitants."

What is James A. Michener reading?

One of the books James Michener reads is our dictionary. *The Random House College Dictionary.* It has more definitions of words than any other college dictionary. More of today's new words, too. Maybe that's why Mr. Michener uses it. *The Random House College Dictionary.* $6.95. ($7.95 thumb indexed.)

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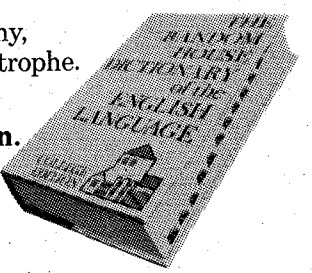

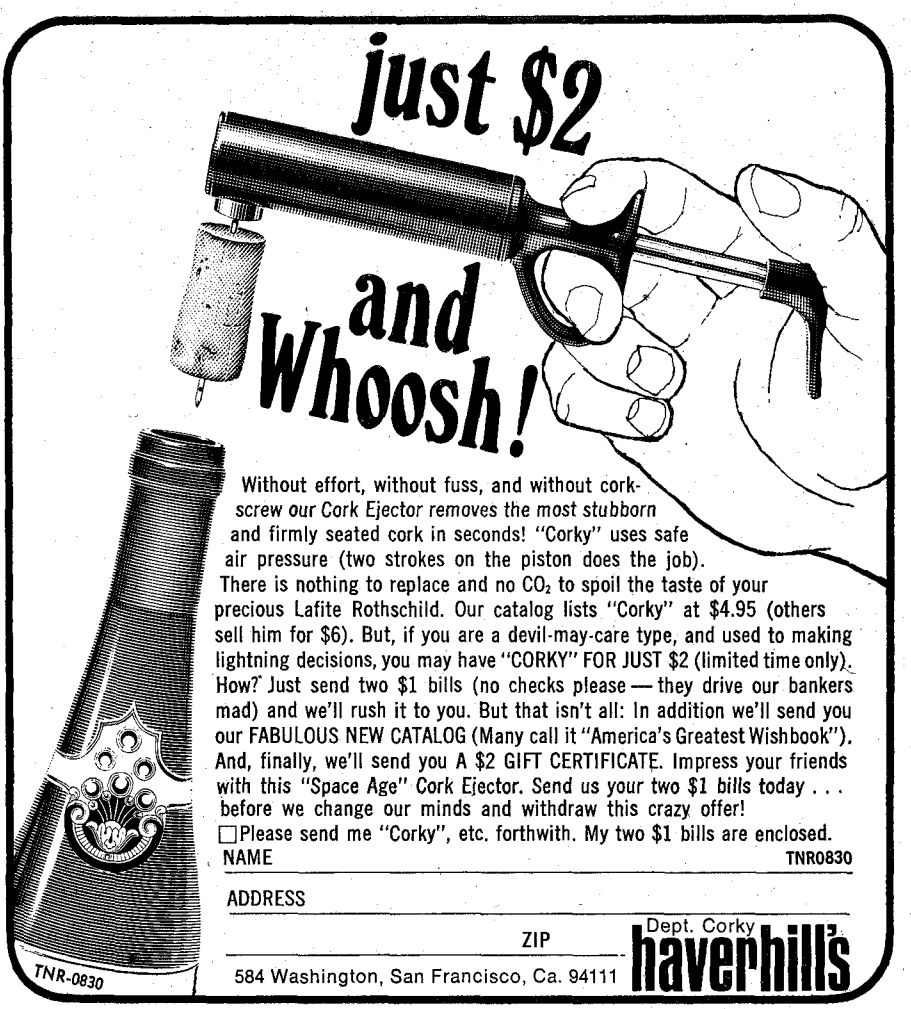

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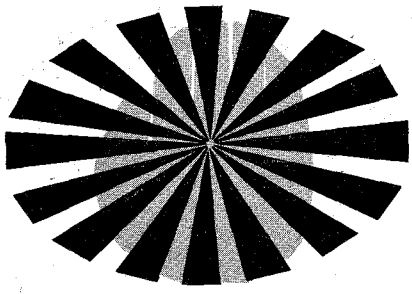

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By LEROY AUGENSTEIN

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1817

Carlos Baker: The Egg Man's Daughter

New Hampshire's Child: The Derry Journals of Lesley Frost

(State University of New York Press; $9.95)

This valuable and very beautiful volume, a unique experiment in bookmaking, reproduces in facsimile the journals kept by Lesley Frost on her father's farm in Derry, N.H., when she was a little girl between six and ten. What gives the book a more than ordinary interest is that Lesley is the eldest daughter, and one of the two surviving children, of the late poet Robert Frost.

The years covered are 1905-1909, well before the family set sail for England in that crucial time before the First World War when Nutt, the British publisher, recognized the virtues of Frost's first two volumes of verse, *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, and launched the poet on a career which lasted unbroken until his death in 1963. But during the first decade of the century hardly anyone, his children included, knew that Frost was going to become a famous poet. On the farm, besides a horse and a cow, he kept a large flock of Wyandotte chickens. Around Derry he was often spoken of as "the egg man."

Lesley was a baby just learning to walk and talk when her great grandfather bought the Derry farm for his grandson in 1900. By 1905, when Lesley began her first journal, she had a brother named Carol and two sisters, Irma and Marjorie. These four children, together with their father and mother and the flora and fauna around the farm, provide the dramatis personae of the journals, which came into being largely for educational reasons. Robert and Elinor Frost, "having both been teachers before raising a family," had resolved to educate their flock at home during the primary grades. As Lesley set it down, "Almost every day about ten o'clock mama calls us in the front room and we have to sit up on the sofa and tell storys and then we have to count 1 2 3 4 5 and then sing a song and then read and then do a b c d . . . and then we sing anouther song and then we do our exersizes and then we march around the room once or twis and then march out into the kitchen to show papa how we can do it."

Both parents took a hand in correcting Lesley's compositions and suggesting fresh subjects: a snowstorm, or the new red horse named Roy, or the time the cow ran away, or the doll that lived in the closet, or the pogonias that grew in the cranberry bog. "It is afull soggy and wet around it," wrote Lesley. "They are very very pretty and have a very nice smell papa taks of his shoes and stokings and wads into the mud the mud goes clear up to his nees and five weeks ago i think it was we went out after some papa i and carol and irma and mama ran across some white ones with a little of the pink around the bottom of the flower."

One of her father's poems, "Rose Pogonias," celebrated such flowers as these. There was another called "Hyla Brook," about the stream that ran through their land, containing Frost's arresting image of the spring peepers

> That shouted in the mist a month ago
> Like ghost of sleighbells in a ghost of snow.

Among other famous poems that he owed to this environment were "The Cow in Apple Time," "The Ghost House," "Mending Wall," and "Storm Fear." Indeed, he later said that "the core of all my writing was probably those free years I had down on the farm a mile or two from Derry village."

Although this is Lesley's book rather than Robert's, he is constantly visible in it – digging a path to the pump through a two-foot snowfall; searching for a misplaced cap or a strayed cow or a bird's nest; nailing a thick board between two pines down by the brook to serve as a throne for his wife Elinor; or awakening Lesley late at night to show her the northern lights

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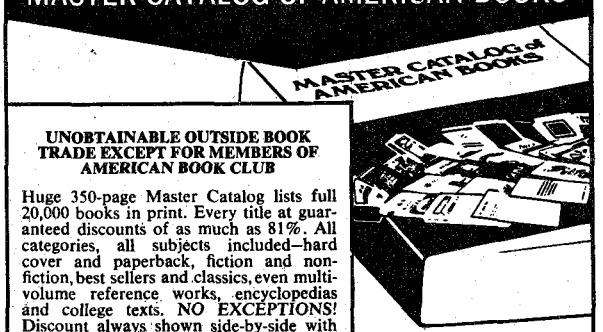

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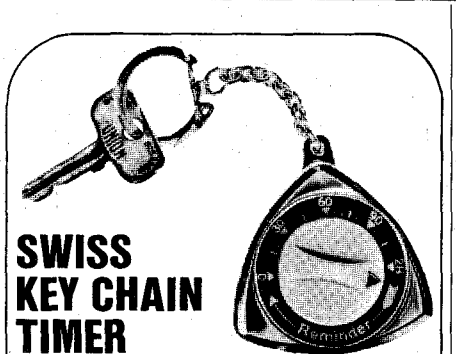

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like a cold bonfire in the sky. He was also Lesley's companion one warm day in 1905 when, as she wrote, "we smeled a scuingk and mama went down too miss pamus she smeld it from gays to hear and after that me and papa went over to derry and we smeled it all the way to derry but we didunt smel it on the way back."

Lesley's book deserves to share in the fame that has long sustained Judge Chute's *Real Diary of a Real Boy* as a childhood classic from another part of New Hampshire. The comparison is apt, phonetic spelling and all, though (unlike Plupy Chute) Lesley did not set out to be funny. The volume also includes an elaborate index and explanatory notes by Frost's biographer, Dr. Lawrance Thompson, and his collaborator, Arnold Grade.

Correspondence

Agnew Country

Sirs:

Re "Rapping with Convicts" (NR, July 19), I would like to bring your attention to the following section of a letter that I received from a friend who works as a keypunch operator on a computer for the Baltimore City Jail. This person also works as an assistant to the Warden.

"I took a survey at the jail for the Mayor of Baltimore. He wanted to know how many people were convicted on various crimes. The survey covered only those prisoners who had yet to come to trial for the first time. It didn't cover those who were being held in mental hospitals or by federal marshals. The total survey covered 1043 inmates, 889 were Negro. The survey also showed the length of time that all had been in jail without trial. There were 15 who had been in jail for over one year without a trial or even a preliminary hearing. 100 had been there for 7 to 12 months without a preliminary hearing, and the other time breakdowns were 30, 60, 90 days and 4-6 months."

It would seem that Spiro Agnew country is already practicing preventive detention. . . .

Dan Yurman
Plainfield, N.J.

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

film and that the cast has been racially switched. (And it is therefore vaguely patronizing and smug: "Say, here's a new angle on advertising satire. . . .") If I had any faith in Downey's artistic brain, I might say that he was slyly showing us something about the *real* brotherhood of man, but I think he just had this initial funny idea, played along with it until he ran out of gags and gas, then hurriedly cooked up an ending.

Arnold Johnson, who is Swope, plods through with no hint of ability and with a dubbed gravelly voice. There are some beautiful chicks in the picture but not much other talent besides a brief bit from Allen Garfield, who was the porno salesman in *Greetings*.

Greetings, which is comparable, was much better than *Putney Swope*. First, it had point and purpose. Second, it had some good performers. Third, although it was pretty untidy, it had more sheer film imagination. Fourth, it was never smug. There is an air throughout Downey's picture of asking for credit simply because it was made.

A further odd point. It's a commonplace by now that the best-produced items on TV are the commercials; more money is spent on them, per minute of running time, than on program material. (Stanley Kubrick said that few theatrical films could afford budgets proportionate to what some commercials spend – $100,000 a minute.) Well, in this film lampoon of advertising, by far the best-produced moments are the commercials – those supposedly made by Swope's agency. Besides being the only sections in color, they are the only sections photographed and edited skillfully and performed with some idea of pace. Again I might suspect Downey of making a point of parallelism, if I thought he had sufficient control. But even then it would be quixotic to do an 84-minute film and make 70 minutes of it flabby just for the sake of an ironic parallel.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

MARY CLABAUGH WRIGHT *is professor of history at Yale University. Her special field is the history of modern China.* CARLOS BAKER *is professor of English at Princeton University. His most recent book is* Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story.

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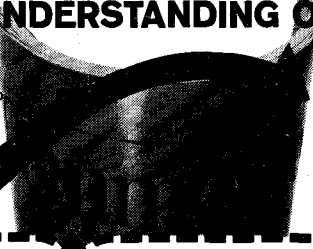

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PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's lifelong friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality ...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary ...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing ...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package ...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of AVANT-GARDE announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed AVANT-GARDE as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of AVANT-GARDE have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of AVANT-GARDE—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of AVANT-GARDE will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of AVANT-GARDE are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of AVANT-GARDE will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to AVANT-GARDE.

In case you've never heard of AVANT-GARDE, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from AVANT-GARDE's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. AVANT-GARDE steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to AVANT-GARDE their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. AVANT-GARDE serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." AVANT-GARDE is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to AVANT-GARDE include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over AVANT-GARDE. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! AVANT-GARDE has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "AVANT-GARDE is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "AVANT-GARDE is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "AVANT-GARDE's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "AVANT-GARDE is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to AVANT-GARDE ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—*and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: AVANT-GARDE, 110 W. 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

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